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OLD VAN RENSSELAER HOUSE, GREENBUSH, N. Y.

## THE PICTURE "NICOTINE."

**A**T a late hour one winter morning there drove into a quiet but shabby street of expired gentility in the city a thundering equipage of great magnificence. It entered at the top and rumbled along to the bottom, awaking the resounding echoes, driving the hucksters right and left to the sidewalks, and bringing to the windows every man, woman, and child, that inhabited the street. With great ado it stopped before a tall red house, which appeared to be a very hive of industry from the multitude of signs exhibited on its front, and which the driver surveyed with a moderated air of disdain. The footman descended to the walk, he also looking rather ashamed of being compelled to come thither. He seized the handle of the carriage-door, growled at the encroaching tide of children which this luminous planet had drawn after it, and then retired a step, dragging the door after him, and exposing to the wondering eyes of the urchins an incomparable old lady, dressed in all the gewgaws of fashionable mourning.

She wore three gray curls at each shrivelled temple, a full complement of black ostrich-feathers in her bonnet (they trembled as if their wearer had an ague), a soft swathing of sombre lace, ornaments of jet, and a stiff silken dress, which rustled, when she moved, like a whole forest of leaves.

This lady slowly descended from her carriage, but no sooner did she touch the walk than the children saw she was a little stronger than they had thought. She became intent upon the building before her, and examined it through a gold-rimmed eye-glass.

It was five stories in height; and, as it arose some feet above the adjoining roofs, it seemed particularly lofty. The basement was occupied by a laundress, the first floor by a grocer, the second by a dressmaker, the third by a bookbinder, the fourth by a hat-finisher; and, as these several facts recommended themselves to the lady on the sidewalk, it became a question with her whether or not an artist named Campus occupied the fifth, or any part of it.

She proceeded to the door-way and scrutinized the multitude of signs there displayed. His name did not appear. She sighed, and looked at the stairs, which were quite steep, and which were not much cleaner than shop-steps usually are. She thought of her foot-man, but, as he was a little of a blockhead, she finally decided that she must use her own energies, or none at all.

Therefore she returned to her carriage, and deposited such of her outside garments as might impede her movements. Then, returning to the foot of the disagreeable stairs, she gathered her skirts in front of her, laid hold of the banister with one hand, and with a cautious step began to ascend, giving out from her clothing, as she proceeded, a loud whispering sound and a delicate perfume.

The artist, Campus, did occupy a part of the fifth floor, though he never thought it worth while to indicate as much on the door-post below, partly because he did not believe

it would entice any picture-buyers, and partly because such a sign would cost money. He was compelled to preserve seclusion when prominence involved expense.

Half an hour before the lady's carriage had driven into the street, Campus had arisen, or rather descended, from his hammock, and had lighted a fire in his stove, and the heat began to radiate a moment after. He set his room to rights, folded up his bed, and then carefully bathed his face and hands. He looked out at his little window, which commanded the house-tops; he shuddered. The wind was blowing from the northwest; he would be obliged to keep a fire all day. He carefully dusted his clothing with a somewhat disabled brush, and then began to look out for his breakfast. He at once encountered a problem. Should he take from the cupboard two plates or only one? half his loaf or the whole of it? four chops or only two? He stopped a moment as if trying to remember. All at once the air became impregnated with the odor of tobacco. Campus at once took up the whole loaf and two plates, and turned around.

He beheld a tall and slender young man standing in the door-way of an adjoining room, quietly observing him. His eyes were black and bright, his head large, his throat prominent, and his chest sunken. His hair was long and very dark, his complexion clear, but pale. He looked like the wreck of a fine man. His clothing was scant and careless in its arrangement, yet he wore it with grace. Between the fingers of his long right hand he held a burning cigar, while from between his bloodless lips there rose in spiral curves a seemingly inexhaustible volume of bluish smoke.

"Ah," said Campus, "you are there, are you?"

"Yes," returned the other, after the smoke had wholly escaped from his mouth, "I am here. It was after twelve when I came in, and so I took off my shoes in the passage. I supposed you would be asleep."

"So I was," rejoined Campus. "I did not hear you, and a moment ago I was in doubt whether I should have the pleasure of your company at breakfast this morning. But the smell of your cigar settled that."

"I wish my cigar would always produce me a breakfast," was the reply. The speaker advanced into the room, and took down a toasting-fork from a nail, and stood ready to perform his regular labor. Campus cut his bread into slices, and his friend began to toast it at the little stove, meanwhile smoking vigorously.

"Well," said Campus, "what luck?"

"Bad," returned the other, "wretched. I went into at least forty counting-rooms and offices yesterday, and not a ray of light fell upon me; not a gleam. Business was dull; nothing was moving; they were discharging clerks; the same story, Campus."

"Oh, never mind, never mind," was the hasty reply; "don't think of it; don't feel annoyed. It's too confounded bad, and I know just how you feel."

"But there was one man who put an iron into my soul, Campus—look at that, did you ever see a better brown?" He held up the

bread. Toasting, with him, was an art. Campus made a compliment. Then he asked about the wound.

"It was delivered by a fool I mistook for a gentleman. He was a lawyer, but he was a fanatic like myself—never mind.—After I asked him for work, he took me by the arm and led me aside and delivered himself of this: 'I always can give employment,' said he, 'to a man with a cool head, a steady hand, a habit of application, and a good understanding. I think you have the last quality, but it is clear to me that you have lost the others. You have destroyed them, and you have wantonly crippled yourself. I don't think you are yet quite ruined,' he added, kindly, 'and I will not say but that you may recover by a powerful effort; but your eye, color, and step, show that you are a slave to tobacco, and I will not commit the blunder of asking you into my office, from which, I am morally certain, I should be compelled to discharge you within a week.' What do you think of that?"

Campus looked distressed.

"Nor was that all," continued his friend, blowing a cloud into the air, and taking up another piece of bread. "In one or two instances I thought I saw an amiable and hopeful answer repressed as soon as the scent of my countless Figaros mounted upon the atmosphere; I could trace several defeats to the odor of my coat."

"Nonsense!" interrupted Campus.

"No, it was true. It was too plain. Then I began to ask myself if there were not plenty of employments one might have in which a man might smoke as much as he chose. But every thing I could hit upon absolutely required either a stronger set of muscles than I have, or a better head for calculation, or an ability to plod in the ruts. Three years ago I could have done any thing; now, I can do nothing, but—Campus, for Heaven's sake, look at the autumn tint on that bread; it looks like an oak-leaf!" He presented his new achievement, and Campus gazed upon it with an appetite. But he seemed inclined to stick to the subject.

"Why do you perpetually worry yourself?" he cried; "why must you always be in torture about—"

"About a bed, and food, and clothing? My dear Campus, you are irrational. I haven't a penny, not a single penny, to bless myself with, and I have only a hundred more cigars. Could the genius of poverty have wrung me drier? No, Campus; for the past ten days I have hunted high and low, and far and near, for some kind of work; but night and—shall I say it—hunger, always drives me back to you and to your garret, where there is toleration and welcome. They will not give me work; they say I am unstrung, sickly, and as fragile as glass. Perhaps I am. But they lay it all to my cigars. They give me lectures on the illness which has fastened itself upon me, just as though I only wanted a fresh induction of reason to enable me to throw it off as I would a pestilential cloak. They talk like idiots."

"Of course," replied Campus, "and you deserve all you get for trusting yourself among them. Wait a while; bide your time;

don't rush after insults and abuse, but stay in-doors—"

"And live on your substance, Campus—you, who are so poor?"

"Pshaw! Don't you earn your living by working for me? You mix my colors, stretch my canvases, set my palette, stand as my model, and go my errands. If you were not here, I should have to hire somebody to do all this, as I have already told you a hundred times. If I did not have a cheery companion, I should undoubtedly die a miserable death; but while you are about it work better, and I should fancy parting with my right leg rather than with you! Yes, take my advice: keep out of the paths of those brutes in business; smoke your cigars in peace; help me paint my picture, which I really hope will sell; and together we will conquer the world.—Do you believe you can make room there for me? I want to put the chops on."

His friend silently stepped aside, and with an unsteady hand removed the cover of the stove. For some moments he smoked in silence, with his eyes apparently fixed on his bread.

"Look out," cried Campus; "it's burning!"

"Burning! Is it?" But the catastrophe hardly disturbed him; he turned his eyes mechanically upon the charred fragment, but he did not notice it. He was too busy thinking of the other subject. Presently he made one or two steps toward his friend, and placed his hand on his arm.

"Campus," said he, "it is now about six weeks since you and I met in Burkhardt's little beer-room, where you were drinking Rhine-wine, and I was smoking. What uncanny influence put me into your way, and what considerate god threw you into mine, I do not know. It may have been a secret act of Providence, but I do not think you should look at it in that light; though I should and I do. If I had not met you, I do not know what would have become of me. I was ill with a fever, and dispirited. I never told you who or what I was, nor any of my past history; I have only led you to believe that I was not brought up with the idea that I must do even an hour's work for my living, and I have only told you that to prove how utterly helpless and ignorant I am. I once dabbled a little in painting, as I did for amusement in modeling, surveying, drafting, and in a hundred other things; and I have been able, thank God, to save you a little expense by doing some of the drudgery of your studio. But, Campus, you cannot deceive me into thinking that I repay you in this way for the food you give me, nor for the bed I lie upon, nor for your kindness of heart and your sympathy. You never scolded at my habit, you never alluded to any of my failings of temper, nor have you ever been otherwise than kind and generous to me. As for smoking, it has been my only pleasure for several years, and will doubtless continue to be until my death. To stop it would only be an invitation to misery, and so I suppose I must remain linked to my friend until the end."—His companion was about to interrupt him. "Wait a moment, Campus," said he; "I know you will not think it hard if I do not tell you how I came in this

miserable condition. You will find out some day, and perhaps you will think me more of an unfortunate than a criminal, but till that time comes I am going to try to get some work to do, and so relieve you of your incubus. I am not entirely gone, Campus; my lungs are not wholly riddled, nor my blood turned to water; and I believe there is yet a tolerable amount of strength in my arms and shoulders."

He straightened up, attempted to draw a long breath, and, with a smile on his face, he struck out lamely with his half-shut fists.

Campus was on the eve of making a fierce rebutting answer to all this, when there suddenly came upon his outer door, that is, upon the door of his studio, which was between the present room and the passage-way, a loud and rapid knocking.

The lady had arrived.

Campus instantly seized upon a paint-stained blouse, which hung upon a nail, and thrust his arms into it; he then took up his palette and mahl-stick, and ran his fingers through his hair. "It is a principle of mine to believe every man to be a picture-buyer until he is proved to be otherwise," said he, in the midst of his haste; "keep the breakfast warm, Will. I'd put the chops under the stove if I were you." He then disappeared, shutting the door behind him.

On his rapid way through his studio he whisked a dust-cloth from a half-finished picture on his easel, and brought forward a beautiful painting by a French artist—one which he had borrowed for study. "We are all humbugs," thought Campus, and he opened the door.

The lady stood outside, palpitating from head to foot. Campus looked at her with fervent admiration as an artist, and bowed deeply. He then retired, and she stepped in, when he at once brought a seat for her.

They exchanged a few courtesies. Her voice was not a tender one, and, moreover, it was a little agitated by breathlessness. Campus begged her to wait until she was quite at ease, and, meantime, he discoursed, with many flowers of language, upon the beauties of the day, and eventually of his profession.

"I think you must be a very good artist," said the lady, after she had recovered her composure.

Campus bowed. "I think I may say my pictures are not entirely unknown, madam."

"Then it was you who painted 'The Feast of the Crocodiles'—the picture where a large number of the horrid things are just closing their jaws upon a poor Indian who has fallen into a pool in a swamp"—the lady shuddered—"I think it hangs in Mr. A—'s gallery?"

"Yes," said Campus, "that is mine."

It was a picture that depended more upon its tragedy than upon its drawing or color; but, as it frightened the ladies, there were a number of people who thought it fine.

"I consider it a very great work, sir," continued the lady, with enthusiasm. "I assure you I hardly closed my eyes for two nights, thinking of it. I especially admired the foreshortening of the two most prominent tails in the foreground, and you managed the middle distance with great cleverness. Oh, but it was too terrible, too realistic! I de-

clare one could almost hear the snapping of the jaws and the struggles of the red-man."

She stopped to consider it, while Campus murmured thanks.

"And the shock the picture gave one!" resumed the lady, "the thrill of terror which shot through one's system on suddenly catching sight of it! the agony, the fear, the blood! I actually went home in a tremble, Mr. Campus, and I vowed never to go near Mr. A—'s house again; but, lo and behold, I went back the next week, and for no other purpose than to sit down before your painting. It lured me, it attracted me, it possessed a magnetic power which I could not withstand."

"The deuce!" thought Campus.

"And it was while I was in this condition of mind," continued the lady, after a pause, and with a more business-like tone, "that I originated a scheme. It is perfectly feasible, and it is all-important to me that it should succeed. A great deal depends upon it. I do not think I ever made so significant a venture in my life, and I suppose I might say that it concerns another person even more than myself. Now I want to employ all your best qualities, Mr. Campus."

"Ha! here is an order," reflected that gentleman, and he began to pay great attention.

"I want you to exert all your talent upon a picture for me, and I want the picture to produce an effect. It must be weird and startling, but very clear in its story; its moral must stand out equally plain with its terrors, and there must be no obscurity in its treatment. The person who looks upon it must feel a strong sense of fear, and, at the same time, must be taught a lesson. It must be a picture whose idea is so prominent and so concentrated, that there will be no confusion in the mind of the gazer; and, besides, it must have so much that is horrible in it that he will never forget it as long as he lives."

Campus bowed.

"Having all this in my mind," said the lady, distinctly, "I came to you. I wish you could go to work upon it without delay, and that you would work without interruption until it is finished. There is a dreadful reason why I wish you could paint it in an hour; but I hope you can present something even more dreadful if you will but hurry, and give it to me within—well—within six weeks."

"Have you any suggestions, any plan or copy?" asked Campus.

The lady produced a wallet, and quickly withdrew from it a picture which she had cut from one of the English illustrated papers. She unfolded it with an uncertain hand, and offered it to Campus. She looked and listened as if she expected some exclamation from him.

"Dear me!" said the painter, in a tone of regretful surprise. He put his finger on his lips, and looked closer at the print. A look of gratification came into the lady's face.

"Is it not awful?" she asked.

Campus glanced at her. "It may be made a hundred times more so with colors, madam."

"Then will you copy it in colors?" she asked.

"Certainly," he replied.

Campus had not got thus far in his inter-

course with his customer without discovering that she was a monomaniac of some kind. He was able to judge from her bearing and from the spirit of what she said. The most trifling opinion she uttered seemed to be a dogma. She left nothing in doubt, nor said any thing that was capable of two constructions. When she came to give directions about the proportions of the picture that she wished Campus to produce, he found she was inclined to leave little or nothing to his discretion. She had thought it all out, even to its smallest elaboration. When he comprehended this he wisely kept silence, but paid the closest attention to what she said. She instructed him with the nicest exactitude upon the size, the light and shade, the colors, the proportion, and even upon the frame. She left no latitude for the display of his own imagination; she became the artist, and he the workman. But still she talked well; she was eloquent and graphic. She pointed out where the picture might contain startling effects and quick surprises; where a patch of deep shadow or of high light might be made to develop its features; upon what point the eye of the observer would fix itself, and from what delineation might be drawn the lesson and moral she prayed for.

She was clear, precise, and minute. Campus began to feel an ardor and excitement arise within his bosom as her conception of the work became clear, and he found himself impregnated with her eagerness; he was anxious to begin.

Up to a certain point she spoke of the picture and of its production as a matter of mere work and of mere business. Her voice was cold, and even harsh; she held her head stiffly erect, and her face was uncompromising. But at the last, when she came to deliver the final invocation to Campus, she added mystery to mystery by investing her language with a tenderness which he knew was foreign to her. He felt that, had she been born into mean circumstances, she would have been a termagant, and that even her life of ease and refinement had not given her quite heart enough to soften certain prejudices. She was a woman of "ideas," and Campus felt she must indeed be powerfully moved to thus weep while she spoke, and to tremble while she looked at him.

"Ah, sir," said she, "could I only tell you what your picture must achieve, could you but know what depends upon your skill and genius, you would leave nothing undone to produce a masterpiece. I know that you have a large heart, and that you would try your best to comprehend me, and it is not my want of faith in you which forbids me to explain my purpose; but I can only beg and implore you to think well before you begin, and, when you do, put your hand to it to do your best, your very best, to make it plain and vivid." (Here the door leading to the adjoining room was jarred from its latch by a gust of wind from an open window, and the young man hastened to close it before Campus could move. It was impossible that he should avoid seeing the lady. He looked at her an instant, and then, shrinking suddenly back, he pulled the door to again. She did not see him). She continued: "I have not had many suc-

cesses in life, Mr. Campus; I have been balked and tormented by the weakness and wilfulness of others. I have tried to go straight on, and to keep rigidly to what I believe to be the truth, in all things; and I have been so assailed and tormented by the loss of love, the sneers of friends, the coldness of relatives, and the angry looks of the world, that I almost believe I am doing no service, but that I am only a hinderance and a trial to every one. But perhaps you can help me; it is an experiment upon a proud boy whom I loved, and who, perhaps, may be brought by these means to see me more clearly, and to comprehend the terrors I have sought him to avoid. Enlist all your power, Mr. Campus; put every thing else aside; think of it night and day, and never cease to feel that you are not painting a mere decoration for my house, but a picture which may bring peace of mind to a lonely and deserted woman."

Campus gave her his hand to support her on her way down the precipitous stairs, which she descended slowly and with caution. His eyes rested with great admiration upon her shining horses and coal-black carriage, and a warm sense of his own importance (in the eyes of the assembled children and tradesmen) drove him to make the most of the journey across the sidewalk. His voice grew unconsciously tender, his language more diffuse, his smiles more frequent and enduring, and his bows more profound and attractive; and when, with an air of pretended abstraction, he beheld the ponderous establishment finally roll away, and when he had performed the harmless little trick of waving a fresh adieu as it turned the farthest corner, he felt that he was looked upon as an aristocrat, and he therefore drove home the impression by descending the stairs one at a time, and with great gravity.

But, by the time he had attained the topmost floor, this thin cloak had vanished, and he burst in upon his friend with exclamations of delight.

"This means fortune!" cried he. "If this is a success, it will lead to other orders and commissions, and then we shall go abroad. It is all to be done within six weeks, Friend Will, and next August will find us somewhere in Italy—I copying and studying, and you smoking and lying under the trees, getting back your health. My lace angel looks like a liberal woman, in spite of her temper, and, as nothing was said about the price, I am at liberty to charge and charge until my pockets burst."

It was not many minutes before he discovered that his friend possessed a profound interest in what he said. He was insatiable for news regarding the lady, her language, bearing, tone, and appearance.

"It is not possible that you know her, Will?"

"Know her!" responded the other, turning away his head; "how should I? Cannot you understand that I may be as eager to gossip about your good fortune as you are? It pleases me."

"And what would I not do to please you, poor fellow?" thought Campus, with his eyes upon his friend's weak and wasted figure.

"You will have too few pleasures in this life for me to take one from you."

So he gayly set forth the lady's visit to its smallest particular, and, with all the enthusiasm of a boy, demanded if it were not pure fame and talent that had brought him this success, if good fortune could have thrown him a better favor, and if it were not clear that the fates had marked him for a wealthy man?

"But you have not shown me the picture yet," said his friend, still in pursuit of the *matériel* of the visit.

Campus suddenly checked his stream of elated talk, and looked sad and reluctant. He would have suffered something considerable rather than be compelled to show it. But he quickly reflected that it would be impossible to keep secrecy to a man who must sit as his model; so he thrust it into his friend's hand, and turned away.

The young man opened the folded paper and looked at the print. He elevated his eyebrows with a quick look of surprise, and then parted his lips in a silent laugh. He examined the design closely, but not without a pretty clear expression of contempt. But, by the time Campus ventured to look at him again, he had regained his composure, and was grave.

He returned the picture with a prolonged and penetrating look, while Campus took it with the air of a criminal, and pushed it deep into a pocket in his blouse.

For a moment nothing was said; then they both shirked the common thoughts which lay uppermost in their minds by mutually setting forth their neglected breakfast.

After this the friend lit a fresh cigar, and developed a deep and sudden interest in the new enterprise. Campus came out of his gloom in an instant.

In half an hour they were at work.

Campus pinned the print at one side of his easel, and the two constructed the proper scene a short distance off. Together, they made out a list of articles which would be required as adjuncts and embellishments, and then set out to hunt them up.

Campus was not more eager than his friend. The two made a long journey, going the usual round of artists—namely, to the auction-houses, second-hand dealers, and to the studios of their most accommodating acquaintances. They came back laden with articles, or, to be more correct, Campus came back laden, while his friend followed slowly behind, enveloped in a cloud of smoke.

By the middle of the afternoon, Campus had begun his labor, with a stick of charcoal in his fingers, and a fair stretch of canvas upon his easel. It took but a single day for them to correct and amend the scene so that it completely filled their fancies, and then the task began in earnest.

The friend's pose was, to partly sit and partly recline in a huge, stuffed arm-chair, enveloped to the ankles in a tattered dressing-gown of faded beauty. He was instructed to sit as easily and as carelessly as possible. At his feet was a Turkish *chibouque* of fantastic structure, highly decorated with bright colors and silken tassels. Before him, and a trifle in the foreground, there stood a table, upon

which was a student's lamp, together with books and papers. From this lamp there came a soft and yellow radiance, which illuminated the listless figure, and developed it with remarkable vividness. Grouped about at fitting distances were such rugs and scraps of curtains as would enhance the supposed luxury of the scene, and all was concise, symmetrical, and, by intent, elegant.

As, day by day, the work deepened, and as the drawing became more and more finished, Campus finally arrived at a point when he began to particularly consider the principal figure. To assist him in his object, he constructed a sort of skull-cap of paper, and placed it on his friend's head. It covered and concealed the surface, described by a line drawn around the skull an inch above the eyebrows and an inch above the ears. The head was so inclined that the whole of the cap was to be seen from the front. Into the blue-veined and slender hand of the model he put the mouthpiece of the chibouque, which was held as if just taken from the lips, while he interpolated in his sketch a long and slender thread of smoke, which ascended from the mouth of the solitary.

Thus was the picture composed, though there was another vital feature, which will be spoken of hereafter.

At his work, Campus seemed to be brilliantly cheerful. His voice would never flag, even if his arm did, and there appeared to constantly arise before him a series of gay pictures, in which he always figured as the highly-flattered and successful artist, while his friend was described as growing more robust and powerful under a genial sun.

"Only let me slip into my lady's favor," Campus would say, "only let me paint this so well that I may lay hold of a fair number of her shekels, then shall we wing our ways to that fair land where artists never pine, nor smokers have a stint."

Meanwhile, with a secret eye and an aching heart, he would watch his friend's dwindling strength, and would nervously ply his brush with greater haste, as if each succeeding stroke would hasten relief and comfort. "If I could only get him away," thought Campus; "if he could only escape from these terrible ocean-winds, then I should be happy. Then he might be saved, as he deserves to be. But I am afraid I can do nothing but indulge him, poor fellow. Let him live in his luxury as long as he may! I can't take it on myself to preach to him, and he shall always be welcome here."

But the friend was also capable of secret thought.

"This is comfort," said he to himself; "this is pure enjoyment; but, alas! it is death at the same time. I cannot fail to see that it aggravates my sickness. My suicide is a delicious process, but it is none the less sure because it is pleasant. Seven cigars a day and a pair of weak lungs! That is destruction. Now, suppose I don't destroy myself? Suppose I stop and throw my cigar out of the window—what then? Suppose I forget my pride, and surrender?"

He would look at Campus and watch the industrious painter, and remember the bed, the food, and the kind and generous heart.

But he was not quite giant enough to put away his only solace on account of these.

He knew the unhappiness that such a step would entail upon him. He would be obliged to contemplate his real feebleness and its steady encroachments.

The picture advanced with rapidity. It was a mournful self-congratulation to Campus that he could not have had a more perfect model to copy from than his friend. The print showed an emaciated man, with a colorless face; and, as the painting approached completion, its central figure was the very portraiture of Waste and Exhaustion. The skin was bluish and transparent, the nostrils thin, the cheeks sunken, and the neck and hands were marvels of attenuation.

Four weeks passed. Such was the steadiness of Campus's work that he began to show signs of prostration. His figure stooped a little, and his fingers seemed loath to close about his brush. Circles appeared about his eyes, and not infrequently short spells of dizziness would compel him to suddenly stop and to rest for an hour. But he never once complained, or was otherwise than jubilant and ambitious.

"Only a few days longer, friend Will; only a few score of touches, and then it will be finished. And, depending upon its finishing, there are joys that human tongue hath not power to tell!"

It was one of these exclamations, at once so cheering and so full of generosity, that brought the friend's scattered rays of resolution to a focus, and animated them to active flame. He measured his strength, both of mind and body. He conjured the picture of the struggles he must pass through, if indeed he passed through them at all; and then, after many hours of contest and deliberation, he took his cigar out of his mouth. But the beautiful half-burned roll caught his eye and charmed it. Ah, it was like parting from a sweetheart; like an adieu to one's soul. He put it back again.

"Let me have it a few days longer," said he to himself. "Let me have a saturnalia, a tobacco-festa; and then, with the help of the good angels, I will throw my cigars to the dogs, and thus repay my friend. I will try to convince him that his picture has reformed me."

It was in consequence of this resolution, therefore, that for the next sixty hours Campus was in a state of great anxiety. His friend fumed like a volcano. The studio was constantly filled with the smoke emitted from this trembling furnace, which lay at full length upon the shabby lounge.

Still Campus could not bring himself to speak. He argued that his friend was enjoying himself, and that he was too intelligent not to know that he was aggravating his disease. Therefore he conceived that all he might say would be an insult, and so held his peace, but with an aching heart.

Meanwhile the picture became complete. Campus's friend now always sat where he could follow the finishing touches, and where he might converse with the painter without exertion.

The construction of the picture has been partly indicated. It represented a lonely man,

amid comfortable and even luxurious surroundings, seated in an easy-chair, and narcotized to the point of insensibility by the smoke from a chibouque at his feet. His posture was that of one who was helpless and completely inactive. His form was sharply illuminated by the light of the lamp, and all of its features were vividly contrasted. It was a peaceful and even a somnolent scene; but its peculiarity was this: the top of the figure's head—that part which Campus had concealed by the paper skull-cap on his model—was gone. The interior of the skull was open to the view.

The picture was not one of violence, for the calmness of the figure's face and the smooth position of its hair and drapery instantly bespoke a thorough tranquillity. From out the cavity in the head there ascended a thin and transparent wreath of bluish smoke, indicative of the evaporation of all within. The design of the work was obvious. The title of the print which Campus still retained upon his easel was simply "Nicotine."

Campus was now engaged in bringing up a few colors which had sunken. To-morrow he would give it a coat of varnish. The next day he would carry it to its owner. He was silent and thoughtful. His friend sat beside him still smoking. Suddenly he spoke:

"Campus," said he, in a voice which, though thin, was still deliberate, "I believe that I have been undergoing a perpetual sermon. That picture is a horrible one." Campus stopped his work and gave him a quick look. "I declare I am not frightened at what it says; I won't tell you that I am terrified, but I cannot help thinking, utterly useless as the painting would be as a popular sermon against tobacco, that it tells a fair story after all. That poor beggar has lost his brains. I too had brains and mental activity before I married myself to my cigar, and now I am wellnigh crazy and a *sorreling*. Therefore, it is logical to believe that tobacco has made me what I am. I look at your picture, and the belief is driven home. There are the wasted figure, the helplessness, the empty head, and—the tobacco. I look at myself; here are also the wasted figure, the helplessness, and the empty head—and also the tobacco. Therefore, Campus, with my eye still on your scarecrow, I thus fling my cigar away."

He did so with a laugh. The half-consumed cheroot fell into a distant corner amid its own ashes, and sent up its fragrance independent of its owner's help.

Campus got excited. He descended from his stool with tears in his eyes, and grasped the hands of his friend. At first he could say nothing. Then he said much, and wept aloud. Then he went away, out into the streets, anywhere, and did never a stroke for the rest of the day.

His friend suppressed his amusement, but felt like a hero.

Not many hours afterward, Campus put two coats of varnish upon the surface of his picture, and then wrote a letter to the lady, to tell her he was about to present himself and his performance.

When the time came for him to depart, his friend appeared. He looked hungry, yet there

burned in his eye a fierce spirit which was not conquerable by an appetite. He asked a few questions about the picture. Among the rest:

"How much are you going to ask for it, Campus?"

"I thought of saying six hundred at first," was the reply; "you don't think it's too much, do you? I can drop down a little if necessary, you know."

"It is too small, Campus. It condemns the picture. If you had the face to say ten thousand, it would give the proper status to your genius. But I see by your looks that that is preposterous. Say two thousand."

"Two thousand!"

"Certainly. That would be fair. The lady told you she had an object to achieve with the picture. She seems to be rich, and, I assure you, it would only insult her to imply that her designs are so trivial and cheap. She would be indignant that you supposed her willing to climb three flights of stairs to this dusty hole for something which could be obtained for such a pitiful amount."

Still Campus looked astonished.

"She doubtless has a hundred pictures in her gallery which cost twice that sum," continued the friend, persuasively; "she gives that away in charity and trinkets every year. Two thousand dollars is a *bagatelle* to her. I'd be willing to say she had that amount in laces and dress when she came to see you; and, if her turnout amounted to any thing, two thousand dollars wouldn't have bought her horses."

"But two thousand! think of it!" replied Campus, hardly able to speak aloud. "Suppose she were to give it—we might start tomorrow."

Still harping on his friend! The friend gazed steadily at him, and then turned away. "Was not his present torture," he asked himself, "of the very smallest significance beside such generosity as this?"

Campus fixed his picture in a broad frame which he had borrowed for the occasion from a friendly dealer, and about the whole he wrapped an oil-cloth. Then he prepared himself to the best extent of his wardrobe, making much of his fine hair and whiskers in lieu of any striking magnificence in his coat.

He took his picture beneath his arm, and supported its awkward bulk by thrusting his elbow under the projecting frame. His friend gave him his hand; it was cold and thin, yet its grasp was warm.

"Campus," said he, "do you count much upon your picture?"

"Count much upon it!" repeated the other, in an agitated voice; "ah, I'm afraid I count too much upon it. I have not dared to dream of failure. I have never been plucky enough to consider myself incompetent, but I have allowed myself to let upon it so much that it would be a blow—a pretty hard blow—if the lady should refuse it." Campus grew a little pale. "I fear it would discourage me, for I have done my very best. I should hate to return here as poor as when I left."

"Nonsense!" ejaculated the other.

"Nonsense?" inquired Campus; "well, I don't know but it is. But it is no small thing to march up to draw lots for eternal blessings or sudden destruction; and not for one, but for two."

The friend beheld Campus ride away astride the seat of a job-wagon, with his hands on his knees, an old-fashioned silk hat on his head, and with his eyes riveted upon the bottom of the vehicle, where, on a cushion of carpets, lay his picture.

"By Heavens!" said he, to himself, "that angel shall not go unrewarded on earth if I can help it, and I think I can. But," he added, after a moment's thought, "I am very glad that my aunt knows precious little about painting." Then he laughed. "Campus needs study; he does, indeed. Well, he shall have it."

Campus was shrewd enough to stop his undignified conveyance a block short of his destination, and he employed a man to carry his painting to the door, while he followed, importantly, behind.

He was expected. He was led to a small picture-gallery in the rear, where he found a good light, and all the appliances of a well-arranged studio.

He fixed his picture upon an easel, placed it in the best position he could find, carefully wiped away a few trifles of dust, placed a chair for the expected sitter, then, with his hat in his right hand, he took an appropriate position, and trembled and shook until the lady came.

She entered rapidly, and extended her hand at once to Campus. He was shocked to see she had grown thinner and more nervous since their first meeting. She glanced at the easel, but restrained herself. They exchanged a few politenesses, but on both sides the expressions were disjointed and incoherent. Both were too anxious. Presently she seated herself, and, while talking volubly, she rattled the links of a black bracelet upon her wrist. Campus dropped his hat. Then, while pursuing it, he kicked it farther on. She recalled him. He came back, blushing.

"Shall I uncover the picture, madam," said he.

"If you please," she replied, and turned away her head.

He whipped off the cloth and threw it into a corner.

The lady slowly resumed her natural position and fixed her eyes on the painting. Her eyes gradually underwent several changes. First it became white, then it became violently flushed, then it assumed an expression of elation, and at last it grew pale again.

She gazed at the picture for a minute in absolute silence, then she began to change each palm into the other and back again; then she suddenly burst into tears, and buried her face in her hands.

Campus asked himself whether this meant defeat or success. His picture now looked more terrible to him than ever before. The sight of the empty head with its veil of smoke, filled him with a sense of horror—so keen and powerful that he felt his flesh creep on his bones. He stepped back.

He had produced a great effect; that was clear enough.

But what sort of effect was it? It might be an overwhelming disappointment. On the other hand, it might be a profound gratification. He held his breath and began to tremble again.

But it was only for a few seconds. The lady suddenly grasped his nearest hand with both of hers.

"O sir!" she cried, with a broken voice. "How could I have made you comprehend me so well? how could my poor words have spoken my heart and imagination so clearly? How could you, who had so little at stake, have drawn so fearfully? Believe me, Mr. Campus, I am frightened, I almost shrink from it—it is a portrait!" She looked at it with dilated eyes. Campus was startled, yet inwardly jubilant. "There is the same terrible waxen face with its tell-tale emaciation; the same thin nostrils; the same hand, so transparent and slender; the same languor in the pose. Ah, my poor boy, poor boy!" She again covered her face and wept. "This is my last resource, Mr. Campus, my very last. I have tried all other plans and have failed. This is to be my final venture, and there depends so much upon it that I dread to go on and test it. He is so wilful, so proud. He came home from college a little while ago," continued the lady, in a somewhat drier and fiercer tone, "and he had this taint about him. He had been inculcated with a horror of it, but yet he returned to my doors with the stain so fastened upon him that I could not remove it. God knows I tried to, Mr. Campus; yes, I tried hard, very hard. He was my nephew, and as his parents were both dead he became my charge; and oh, how bitterly do I upbraid myself that I have done no better! I loved him more than I ever dreamed I could love any one—and perhaps you can see in my face," said she, pointing to her pinched features with a tardy smile, "that my love still exists, though perhaps unanswered and unheeded. But I dread to think that; I should die if I were certain of it. But he did not attempt to break it off. He clung to it. His cigar was his friend, his confidant, his solace and comfort. He told me to my face that I was puritanical and selfish. Then I made a threat in my anger. He was proud. He laughed at me; he ridiculed me—yes, he ridiculed me! I closed my doors upon him!"

This exclamation had a ring to it. She clutched her hand tight upon her lap. Her eyes gleamed, her lips drew back from her set teeth, and her frame was pervaded with a tremor which set her black jewelry and lace shivering as if a strong gust of wind had suddenly rushed over her.

It was the sensation of an instant. It seemed to be the last bright flash of a fiery temper. Succeeding it there was a calm.

"Yes, I did that cruel act. Shall I ever forget the unhappy day? I have sent for him, and tried to persuade him many times; but he has turned away from me with anger. But, alas! I am growing old; my heart is empty and hungry—I feel that I am alone. I fear that the boy will suffer me to fade out of his memory little by little, and so in the end lose me. Perhaps I am unjust and fanatical; perhaps I am unchristian; he says I am; but I cannot think it wrong to make one more attempt, Mr. Campus. It surely cannot be cruel to show him your awful picture, to let him study it, and reflect upon it. Perhaps it will make him see a little more

clearly, Mr. Campus" (Campus began to tremble with eagerness to speak). "Perhaps it will open his eyes to the dangerous ground he is treading upon; it may be more vivid and truthful than any words of mine, and may—"

"I am sure!" cried Campus, flaming with excitement, "I—I am certain, madam—"

"Of what—of what are you certain?" echoed she, in a perturbed voice.

"That we shall succeed, that he will be taught by it."

"Why?"

"Because it has already taught another. It has reformed my friend. He sat beside me and watched me work. He was a skeleton, a spectre. He lived in a cloud, and—"

"And yet—"

"And yet it made him a conqueror!" responded Campus, in a suppressed tone.

"O sir," cried the lady, in an ecstasy of triumph, "I was about to yield, to say to my boy: 'Forget my insanity—forget my selfishness; think no more of all that has passed between us; return to me!' But, if added to that joy, I could teach him with your picture that I was right, after all; that I only frowned because I loved him, that I only hated his destroyer, I will heap upon you every proof of the gratitude of a weary and gladened old heart. Perhaps my wretched money may be of some use to you; perhaps you will not shun a loving hand, nor forget a prayer—"

"My dearest annt," interrupted a third voice, in an uncertain treble, "Campus deserves all we can give him. He is the salvation of us both."

From an open door-way there slowly advanced Campus's friend, holding out his hand. The strong light from above made him look a thousand times more haggard. But about his mouth there was a pleasant smile. His assumption of the character of convert was successful. He was at once meek, candid, and supplicating.

"I am the reformed one. I am Campus's friend."

The lady was overwhelmed. She looked terrified. But in an instant she ran forward to the invalid and caught him in her arms. She said nothing, but she kissed him repeatedly, and, while caressing him with her trembling hands, she murmured into his ear a thousand expressions of love and devotion.

There was a moment's silence.

Then Campus advanced, and hesitatingly took the proffered hand of his friend. He too, was bewildered. His head was going round and round. Prosperity was driving him mad.

"Campus," said the friend, "you see that your picture has succeeded. I declared that it should when I comprehended that such an event might repay you in part for the kindness you have shown me. We shall now take our journey. You shall study and copy while I shall lie under the trees—but, alas! shall not smoke. My aunt must go with us and hold the reins. She is a pretty skillful driver. Shake hands, Campus."

"Certainly," articulated Campus; and presently he went and picked up his hat. It took him a long time to get hold of it.

ALBERT WEBSTER, JR.

## LADY SWEETAPPLE; OR, THREE TO ONE.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

#### LADY SWEETAPPLE SINGS.

By this time Lady Pennyroyal had done a little gossip which she had been carrying on with Mr. Beeswing. Count Pantouffles had come back from his smoke. He was like a smoke-jack, and could not get on unless he had his cigar after dinner. Nobody had missed him; but he came back, not reeking of tobacco, but exhaling fragrant Floriline, or the latest invention to cure the fumes of the nicotian weed. He was all smiles and teeth, as usual. Lady Carlton had done pouring out tea. Mr. Marjoram had dared to make up again to Miss Markham. Mrs. Marjoram and Mr. Rubrick had had a furious engagement, yard-arm to yard-arm, with double-shot guns, on baptismal regeneration, and neither would give in, though they were both foaming at the mouth, their throats as dry as dust, and, in fact, reduced to silence. Colonel Barker was flirting with Mrs. Barker, and comparing the color of her one great real emerald with that of Mrs. Marjoram's base imitations. Edward was making love to Alice, Amicia was sitting still and flushed, now staring at Mr. Sonderling, and now thinking of Harry's defiance about Miss Price. Harry and Florry were, as we have seen, rather at variance about the position of doctors and Smiths in society. There was a pause, in fact, in the united action of the party. They had begun to pair like birds on St. Valentine's day, and the evening promised to be delightfully dull.

But this was not what Lady Carlton wished. She saw the want of some common centre in which all could take interest, and she seized the opportunity, when Lord Pennyroyal ended that harangue about blacking, to say:

"Dear Lady Sweetapple, would you be so kind as to sing us a song?"

"I thought you had all had enough of me last night," said Amicia, telling a terrible story, for certainly to her an "all" without men was only a quarter of "all." Men for her made up three-quarters of the world. She was quite a man's lady, just as some men are quite ladies' men.

"None of us heard you," said Mr. Beeswing. "It was all over before we men left our wine."

"What shall I sing?" said Amicia, as she sat down, and her face grew even more lovely as the enthusiasm of music lighted it up.

"Any thing you like," said Lady Carlton.

Now, we are not going to dwell on Lady Sweetapple's voice, except to say that it was very good, and of very great compass. It was a voice, too, not thin and fatigued, as though it were a silken stuff nearly worn out. It was rich and full, as well as high and low. Nor was it so much the voice as the expression with which she sung that was charming. She sung with her soul or her heart as well as with her voice.

"*Ach du lieber!*" said the sympathetic Mr. Sonderling. "This I call true soul-melody as well as mouth-music."

So, after she had sung Italian songs, and German songs, and Spanish songs, she took to English ballads, and she sang "Wapping Old Stairs" and "Sally in our Alley" so divinely that tears stood in all eyes.

"Now it is your turn, Mr. Sonderling," she said. "Sing."

She said this almost rudely, especially as they were the only words she had said to the German that evening, and had, so far as they all knew but Florry, never even seen him before; but she said it also with such tone of command as though she were calling her dog or her slave to the instrument, that all eyes were turned on Mr. Sonderling, expecting him to refuse.

To the surprise of every one, the German rose from his dreams, and, like a magnetic patient, obeyed the summons.

We have told you already that Mr. Sonderling had a very good voice; a deep bass, *basso profondo*, like dear old Lablache's. He was an accomplished musician, too, and accompanied himself admirably. He too sang songs, and, among others, Lablache's song, "Madamina il catalogo," where that finished valet gives an account of his master's loves in "Don Giovanni."

"What list!" said Florry to Alice; "I wonder if Lady Sweetapple's list has been as long? I dare say it has." And then she went up to him, as he was still sitting at the instrument, and said, "Had Miss Smeess as many admirers as the Don had loves?"

"Ach nein!" said the ingenuous Mr. Sonderling, "but she had not so few."

"I thought so," said Florry. "Many thanks;" and then she went up to Lady Sweetapple and said, "Dear Lady Sweetapple, do sing us another song."

"Shall I sing you something quite new?" asked Amicia.

"Oh, do! That would be so nice."

As Mr. Sonderling rose to quit the piano, he made a long bow to Amicia.

"It will not be new to you, Mr. Sonderling. I dare say you will remember it."

"I remember so many things," said the German, with a sigh.

"Far better to forget them, like a man," said Amicia.

"Say rather like a woman," said Mr. Sonderling.

"Silence!" said Amicia, in her old, imperious tone; and the German shirked off to the corner of a distant sofa, where he sat watching her like a dog.

Then Amicia began to sing. But it was no song—it was rather a recital to a low, running accompaniment.

"I wonder if you will like it?" she said; "I call it 'The Siege,' and it begins with a prelude." And then she dashed off at once:

"Fair Helen fired Paris first,

And then she fired royal Troy.

What recked she, though she were the worst

Of women, so she had her boy?

Alas! the world is still the same,

A world of women without shame,

Who but to show their sleight of hand?

And but to win a little fame,

In other households hurl the brand,

And smile to see the rising name.

And, therefore, though thy face be fair,  
And though with her thou couldst compare,  
Yet never shall my peace be marred  
By thee. Behold the gates are barred,  
The bridges up, and this old town  
Be sure thou never shalt burn down.  
Pass then in peace this fortress by,  
Nor rouse our dull dears,  
For in the sparkle of thine eye  
Lark many million blazing fires.  
Fair Helen smiled, for by her eyes  
I knew 'twas Helen in disguise.  
Before that town  
She sat her down,  
And murmured out these melodies."

"That's the prelude," she said; "and now comes the first fyte, or part, which I call 'Pity.'"

Then she warbled on:

"I was a queen. I dwelt in peace  
Till Paris came and conquered me;  
His sweet, low voice breathed, 'Fly from  
Greece!'

I fled. He bore me o'er the sea—  
O'er waves as dark as purple wine.  
The dolphins rose to gaze at me,  
And played above the barren brine.  
"We reached the windy plain of Troy.  
We passed the gate. Old Priam smiled,  
And Hecuba ran wild with joy  
To welcome back her darling child.  
And all men said who looked on me,  
She is the fairest woman alive.  
The people cried in silly glee,  
Now Troy shall flourish, Troy shall thrive!"

"My sullen husband followed, slow  
But sure, a bloodhound on our track;  
And with him all that Greece could show  
Of ships and chiefs to win me back.  
I was the apple of all eyes,  
They fought and died for me, their prize.  
"Ten years they fought, ten years withheld  
Great Troy their onslaught for my sake.  
What though her plain was bathed in blood?  
She knew that Helen was at stake.  
All husbands burned my face to see,  
All women laid their woes on me.

"Since then I have been hunted down.  
I die not—Helen cannot die;  
But when I see a walled town,  
My doom is not to pass it by.  
It pity, warden, let me in,  
That I may make amends for sin."

"That is the first part," she said, pausing; "I hope you like it."

"It is wonder-pretty!" said Mr. Sonderling.

"The next part is called 'Love,'" said Amicia; "shall I sing it?"

"Pray go on," said several voices.

Then Amicia proceeded:

"Her sweet strain ceased, but not a word  
In answer to her prayer was heard,  
And sentinel to sentinel  
Passed on the watchword, 'All is well!'

"Night fell, the moon rose red as blood,  
Before the gate still Helen stood,  
And now she sang in fiercer mood,  
Till all hearts longed for Love's sweet food.

"They say I cling to courts and camps.  
They lie: I cling but where I'm free.  
I linger oft with tramps and tramps;  
They love—that makes them kin to me.  
Wherever I on earth have trod,  
My God is love, and love is God.

"On soft greensward, on mossy tofts,  
Where pale-pink May-blooms softly fall,  
Ay, even on hay-ricks and in lofts  
The bed of love is strown for all."

"Then comes some more passionate stuff," said Amicia, "which I pass over. But perhaps you have heard this bit before."

"In summer, when the hay is mown,  
I stand beneath the Linden-shade,  
Where thick the golden dust drops down,  
And side by side lie man and maid;  
The bees are busy up above  
While they lie idle, lost in love.

"At nightfall, by the summer sea,  
Where sands are smoothed by soft west wind,  
On Noman's land, where all are free,  
And men are bold and women kind,  
I speed the vows that lovers plight,  
When lips are moist and eyes flash bright.

"And shall this little walled town,  
Whose only virtue is its age,  
Dare to rob Helen of her own?—  
Dare to withstand my passion's rage?  
No, warden, learn my victory,  
As o'er the rest, is sure o'er thee."

"The strain ceased, and again no word  
To prove that any heart was stirred,  
Save that methought the sentinel  
Less stoutly uttered, 'All is well!'

"That's the end of the second fyte," said Amicia, "but I have skipped ever so much. Now comes the third, and it is called 'Reason.'"

Then she warbled on:

"Again she smiled, again she spoke;  
But now 'twas not of vain desire,  
Her cheeks were flushed with wisdom's fire.  
Day dawned at once, and morning broke,  
And all that misty realm of sense  
Was lighted with intelligence.

"I am the offspring of the gods,  
But stronger far than they;  
For men were then but stones and clods,  
Now they are priceless clay.  
I rule like them the hearts of men,  
But men are nobler now than then.

"For what was Juno but a scold?  
Athene but a learned bore?  
And as for Venus, why, we know  
Hera was a naughty name of yore;  
My rod has swallowed all their rods,  
Mere idols are the ancient gods."

"There," said Amicia, bursting out into a laugh, "I really cannot sing any more. You must be all sick of me."

"No, no!" said Harry, "I call it a divine recital."

A remark for which Florry gave him such a reproachful look that ought to have gone right through his heart, but it did not. He was look-proof, for the armor of magnetism had covered his heart.

"What a strange performance!" said Lady Pennyroyal to Lady Carlton; "more like an actress than a lady."

"Perhaps," said Lady Carlton; "but then, you know, Lady Sweetapple has lived so much abroad, that her ways are not as our ways."

"Nor her principles as our principles, I should hope," said Lady Pennyroyal, who in matters of what she called "decorum" was the very pink of propriety.

"What did you think of it?" said Colonel Barker to Mrs. Marjoram.

"I never liked Helen even in my girlish days," said that acid lady. "She was a very overrated woman. And as for all the kings and princes of Greece leaving their wives and families, and fighting for ten years for such a baggage, I have no patience with them."

"Very true," said Mr. Beeswing, who wished to draw Mrs. Marjoram out, "but some of them got the worst of it when they got home. Just as modern husbands catch it,

when they misbehave and stay out at night. There was Agamemnon."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marjoram, "I know all about him. I've looked him out in Lempiere. His wife Clytem—Clytem—what was her name?"

"Clytemnestra," suggested Mr. Beeswing.

"Yes, Clytemnestra chopped his head off with a chopper."

"No, not with a chopper; with an axe, or pole-axe, and she had a man to help her, recollect."

"Yes," said Mrs. Marjoram. "What was his name?"

"Agisthus," again suggested Mr. Beeswing.

"Yes, that was his name," said Mrs. Marjoram. "A pretty fellow he was for a man! Why wasn't he fighting at Troy with the rest, instead of staying at home, like so many bad husbands of our time, to make love to another man's wife? They were a bad set, those old Greeks, men and women alike. See how Socrates treated his wife."

"I thought," said Mr. Beeswing, "it was Xantippe who ill-treated Socrates."

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. Marjoram. "I think Socrates was no better than he should have been. See what company he kept, drinking with all the wild young men of his time, and asking people questions. I hate men who ask questions. I don't wonder the Ottomans killed Socrates. I would have killed him. And then poor Xantippe, when she comes to bewail her husband and to take leave of him, is treated as though she were a dog or a brute, and turned out of the room. He might well order a cock for Esculapius. There was no respect for woman in his nature, ugly old ape that he was!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## VAN RENSSELAER HOUSE, AT GREENBUSH.

(SEE ILLUSTRATION ON FIRST PAGE.)

THE old house of which we give an engraving stands in the village of Greenbush, in Rensselaer County, New York, on the east side of the Hudson, opposite Albany, of which city Greenbush is, in fact, a suburb. The house, which is now occupied as the rectory of the Church of the Messiah, was formerly the mansion of a branch of the great Van Rensselaer family, which for two centuries held feudal sway over a vast manor on both sides of the river, comprising more than half a million acres, and including the greater part of the three counties of Albany, Rensselaer, and Columbia.

The age of the house is not certainly known, but its oldest portion was probably built in 1663, and is, therefore, one of the most ancient now standing in the United States. It is irregular in form and large in size, with loop-holes for musketry in the front. Tradition reports that it sustained several Indian sieges before the Revolution. The walls are of unusual thickness, the beams of immense size, and a chimney-piece in one of the chambers is illustrated with Scripture scenes in Dutch tiles, vividly colored. The walls are

also panelled and wainscoted in the old English style, and with considerable elegance. Altogether, the house is one of the most interesting and best preserved of the remaining relics of our colonial aristocracy.

## THE PROBABLE FUTURE OF FRANCE.

**T**HIE turn of the tide in France seems to set steadily in the direction of the Orleans princes, while both the empire and the republic appear to be drifting away upon its rising waters.

The Count de Chambord (the possible Henry V. of his own fancy only) has been unconsciously increasing the chances of the younger branch of his house, by the selfish folly of the course he has adopted, and has placed himself outside of the pale of availability.

He will listen to no compromise and to no coalition with the younger branch, of which the Count de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe, is the legitimate representative, and has converted those possible allies into inveterate opponents.

He stands stubbornly on the old exploded doctrine of "divine right"—must be accepted as a Heaven-anointed king, or none at all—and scornfully sniffs at all compromises even with his nearest blood-relations and next heir.

It is said that a compromise was proposed to him by the Orleans princes, who generously proposed to him that he should reign, as constitutional king, over France, for the term of his own natural life, if (being childless) he would adopt as his successor and heir the young Count de Paris, who, next to himself, was the representative of the house of which the Count de Chambord is the senior.

But, with that fatuity which appears to be an heirloom in the Bourbon race—whose inaptitude for learning any thing has now passed into a proverb—this spectral shadow of a king disdainfully repudiated the only offer which could galvanize his dry bones into even the semblance of vitality.

He would be king, as were his ancestors—by "grace of God"—or exile forever; but would listen to no terms, make no compromise!

By this refusal, legitimacy, as represented by the elder branch of the Bourbons, lost its last chance in France. Very possibly the offer was only made by the younger and live branch of that old tree, to secure the support of some wavering adherents whose adherence to the regular line was a respectable superstition, for the men who made it must have known the character of the Count de Chambord well enough to anticipate his answer.

This was one of those coquettish politicks which a decent respect for the opinions of the adherents of lost causes compels occasionally to be made, to justify desertion of men or measures shown to be beyond the power of resurrection.

In this case, it has succeeded most admirably; and, doubtless, many of the old legitimists will now detach themselves from the

support of a man so utterly and hopelessly Bourbon ("learning nothing and forgetting nothing") as the Count de Chambord.

In fact, the Legitimist party in France has long ceased to be much more than a respectable tradition—the representative of a sentiment which, outside of the Faubourg St.-Germain, found but few adherents, save in some of the southern departments, where loyalty to the old line was an heirloom which even the glories of the First and the tinsel of the Second Empire had not sufficed entirely to efface.

As far as regards Paris proper (or improper, as the Faubourg people would say), and the larger cities of France, the Legitimist party was easily numbered, and its sum total made a very small figure, as compared with the lists of the voters.

It was intensely aristocratic, very ignorant of the drift of public opinion, bigoted to the last extreme, always hoping for the "good time coming," when "the king should enjoy his own again;" in fact, the very duplicate of that old Jacobite party in England which was only a watchword for conspiracies which resulted in nothing but the punishment of the conspirators and chronic public apprehension. Even this uneasy ghost of a party the recent action of its unanointed representative has at length effectually "laid." The younger and live branch of the family are steadily pushing forward to occupy the vacant stool. The latest news from France is significant of this. If the Count de Paris is the head of the Orleans house and its legitimate representative, most assuredly its two strong hands are the Duke d'Aumale and Prince de Joinville.

The fact that these two princes have been reinstated to their respective ranks in the French army and navy, the former to his command as general, the latter as admiral, shows the strides making by the Orleanists to the supreme power in the state.

Added to this the equally significant fact that the committee of the Assembly has reported in favor of the restoration of their property to the Orleans princes, and the drift of the current cannot be mistaken.

What is there to oppose this rising tide at the present moment? Is there any hope of a permanent republic in France after the present provisional republic, whose rickety existence rests on the single life or the caprice of an infirm old man (believed to be secretly Orleanist in his feelings), has terminated, or collapses under exhaustion?

Can the fiery Italian Marseillais Gambetta, the real head of the French republicans, control enough of men and means to make himself the Washington of that afflicted country?

There seems no prospect of this; it is a forlorn hope, indeed. The Commune, during its brief, bloody, and spasmodic existence, set back the hands on the dial-plate of republican progress in its very stronghold, and the very names of liberty and equality now bring back the visions of that second Reign of Terror, and terrify the timid holders of property and the great middle class of France, while the army and navy are delivered over to the party representing law and order in the per-

sons of these Orleanists. No! a republic in France now seems more remote than ever; but a constitutional monarchy—another citizen king—seems looming rapidly up in a not distant future.

What are the chances of the restoration of the empire—a new lease of power for the perverse line of which Napoleon the Great was the first and Napoleon the Little the last representative?

To all human foresight, infinitesimally small. Its power was in a name and in traditions of conquest and glory, which have both been nullified by recent events. That one fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous has been taken by the emperor who surrendered empire and country without risking life or liberty for those great stakes, and only performed a comic part in the mighty tragedy he brought upon the people who had made him their head. When the name of Napoleon became a scoff and a jeer upon the lips of the Parisian populace—

"That spell upon the minds of men  
Broke, never to unite again,"

which had been the great secret of his success. The fall of the uncle's statue into the mud and filth of the Place Vendôme was only typical of the nephew's, and it will be as easy for that effigy of the dead to climb up again to its dizzy height as for the living-dead at Chiselhurst to resume his place either in the confidence or respect of the French people. His sins they could condone, his faults they could palliate, but his desertion of France and subsequent course have made him contemptible in the eyes of the proud and passionate people whom he led to defeat and deepest humiliation.

Of course, the men he made the partisans, whose positions and wealth depend on his restoration—people like Rouher, Pietri, Fleury, and the rest—will continue to intrigue for his restoration, which will bring back the golden days of the empire for them; but they are as unpopular as their master.

Witness the popular demonstration at the funeral of the emperor's private secretary the other day, when Rouher nearly fell a victim to the fury of the mob, which recognized in him a representative of the late empire.

Witness, also, the late action of the Assembly, which has caused the removal from the city of two regiments supposed to entertain Napoleonic views.

It is probably in the army that the majority of the Napoleonicists may be found; but that army, wounded and indignant at the disgrace incurred under his leadership, has been alienated from him; and neither a child nor a woman can govern France, were the emperor to resign his pretensions in their favor.

So, unless we are greatly misinformed at the feeling in France, the death-knell of the Napoleon dynasty has sounded at last, and there can be little hope of its resurrection, except in the bosoms of its more fanatical adherents, or those who can find no other future.

The great heart of France, beating so convulsively and painfully, throbs indignantly at the mention of a name synonymous with defeat and shame.

From this distance we can only watch the

developments to be made after the first throes have subsided, with eager interest and sympathy, powerless to do aught to aid or avert results.

France—our oldest and most faithful ally in "the days that tried men's souls," without whose moral and material co-operation, in our struggle for independence, that struggle would have been abortive or long postponed—must ever command American sympathy.

But the form of government which suits us best may not suit her, and she is the best judge of her own wants and wishes, as well as of her own duties. Much of the prestige which she lost in her disastrous collision with and defeat by the new nation her unwise emperor called into existence by his insane declaration of war, she has since retrieved by the heroic struggle made by her sons in the hour of his desertion and betrayal of her. And since that mournful episode in her history—the siege of Paris—the self-sacrifice and devotion of her people in their efforts to reorganize their government and redeem their soil by payment of the war-debt in advance of the stipulated time, through unequalled sacrifices on the part of her people, merit and have secured American admiration.

Neither the Count de Chambord, the Orleanian princes, nor the emperor, are any thing to us. We can have no preferences, no choice between them; and a republic, we fear, is as yet an impossibility.

What we earnestly desire is the reconstitution of France under a stable government, which can restore confidence, peace, and prosperity, to her terribly-tried and much-suffering people, who, like pure metal submitted to furnace-flame, will finally come forth only the more purified from the fiery test.

## "GOOD-BYE, SWEETHEART!"

A TALE IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON, AUTHOR OF "RED AS A ROSE IS SHE," ETC.

### CHAPTER V.

"The gods may release  
That they made fast;  
They soni shall have ease  
In thy limbs at the last;  
But what shall they give thee for life, sweet life,  
that is overpast?"

#### WHAT JEMIMA SAYS.

At last it is summer to-day; the sun says, "Now it is my turn!" With his strong right hand, he has swept the clouds away from the snow-peaks—away—away—anywhere; he will have none of them. Those snow-peaks! They dazzle one so that one cannot look at them, save through blue spectacles. It makes one's eyes drop water but to glance hastily at their shining magnificence. Oh, happy summation! it is too hot even for *demi-saison* dresses.

"I think Kolb is very tyrannical!" says Sylvia, discontentedly. "What do I care about the water-fall, or the Mortiratsch glacier? After all, when you have seen one glacier, you have seen them all; and though nobody can

be fonder of scenery than I am, yet of course there are other things in the world; I had much rather have stayed at home to-day and found out what the Scropes' plans were."

We were all jogging along in a little chaise, drawn by a fat pony, which, however, is so far from us as to be almost out of sight, from the length of the traces—jiggle, jogging along through Pontresina, between the green sheltered white houses; here and there a flourish of flowers—geraniums, cinerarias—out of their windows; through the upper village, and along the hot high-road. On each side of us is the lovely riot of the meadow-flowers; they seem to have rushed out, all at once, and all together, to answer to their names at the roll-call of the spring sun.

"At all events," say I, laughing, "Mr. Lascelles cannot say that it is 'deuced cold' to-day. Pah! how apoplectic it makes one's head! Oh, for a good honest British cabbage-leaf to put in one's hat!"

"There is one comfort," says Sylvia, pursuing her own thoughts, "and that is, that there is no one they can become *lives* with, in our absence, as I should think that they were sociable, sensible sort of people, who cordially hated their own society."

"Worse even than ours?" asks Lenore, with a cynical smile, from beneath the dusty little hood under which she is leaning back.

We leave the high-road; we turn into a by-way that leads to the glacier—leads through a company of larches. They have grown up, here and there, among the great strewn stones, of every shape and size—lichen-grown, green, forbidding. By-and-by we have to say good-bye to our carriage; it can go no farther; the road breaks off.

"This is quite the most *triste* festivity I ever assisted at," Sylvia says, plaintively, as we dawdle and loiter hotly along.

"Bah! how the midges bite! As a rule, no one is more independent of men's society than I am, but in a case of this kind a man is indispensable to give a sort of impetus, a fillip, to the whole thing."

"Let us have luncheon," say I, with my usual material view of things; "eating always raises one's spirits, and we can eat as well as if a regiment were looking on."

So we lunch on the short sward. The smooth, smoke-colored cattle are ringing their bells vigorously, as they browse near us, though what they eat the Lord only knows, unless they have a taste for yellow potentillas, sweet-scented daphne, and dry white bents. Kolb has stretched a mackintosh for us to sit on, and brought spiced-beef that looks weirdly nasty, in sun-warmed slices, out of a marmot-skin bag; rolls, hard-boiled eggs. A bottle of Château Margot stands under a great rock, knee-deep in yellow violets. The glacier river, the Bernina, runs madly past us, hoarsely raving to its wide stone bed, in a torrent of dirty yellow-green-white. There we lie, couched comfortably as ruminating cattle, while at our elbows and feet the gentians open their blue eyes—bluer than any woman's, deeper than any sapphire.

"How pretty they would be if artificial!" Sylvia says, pensively plucking one. "A spray for the side of the head, you know, and

another for the corsage; I am afraid we are too far off for it to carry well, or I would send one to Foster's in a tin box; he will always copy any flower you send him, exactly."

"Perish the thought!" says Lenore, with a sort of lazy indignation, laying her head down among a crowded little family of the yellow violets, under a great split rock.

"Dark blue is not a good night-color, however," says Sylvia, still pursuing her own train of meditation.

"How drowsy the river's roar makes one!" I say, yawning, and burying my hot face in my outstretched arms; "if you two will not speak, I shall be asleep in three minutes."

"How hideous it is!" says Sylvia, dropping her gentian, and gazing with a sort of disgust at the tearing flood. "Glacier-rivers always are. Did you ever see any thing so dirty in your life? It looks as if hundreds and thousands of washer-women had been washing in it with myriads of cakes of soap!"

After all, we never reach the glacier. If luncheon has cheered, it has also enervated us. We content ourselves with languidly strolling to the water-fall. Now we have reached it; now exertion is at an end; now we lie, lazy as lotus-eaters, on the dry, warm herbage—scant, yet so sweet!—and gaze and listen, gaze and listen, for God knows how long, to the loud, white beauty of the fall. Down it comes from the top of the low hill in one long, snowy plunge; then a smooth sliding over the polished backs of the great stones; a curling of creamy wavelets; then another foamy leap in lightning and froth; then a green pool, where the sun is holding dazzling mirrors, too bright to look at, to the pines' dark faces. The long roar rings loud yet gentle in our ears, bringing to us a drowsy joy. Even Sylvia's grumblings are stilled—at least we no longer hear them, Lenore and I. We have climbed slowly and intermittently up the rocks to a little plateau, whence we can see the water's chiefest plunge. Who can stop it? The air is full of its cold white powder; a great stone opposite is forever wet with the cool damp dust drifted against its shining sides. Little lilac primulas confidently grow and bloom in its clefts. O torrents and hills and flowers, you make me drunk with beauty! What can be nobler than to watch the play of God's imagination in these silent places?

With elbows deep sunk in gentians, and head on hand, we lie and lie and lie, till the sun is marching, in all his afternoon heat and mellow glory, through the pale turquoise sky. The pines above our heads smell divinely. There is no flower, however sweet, that has a better fragrance than that which the grave, flowerless fir give out at the bidding of their master, the high June sun. For half-hours, hours—we know not which—neither of us has spoken. My eyes have long been fixed on the little rainbow that the water-fall has caught and held fast, with its faint green and yellow and red, in her shining toils. Presently, and little by little, I cease to see the tender colors of the prism—I cease to hear the water's plunge and the pines' low sigh; I am asleep. Whether my doze is long or short, I do not know. I imagine, however, that it is not

very long; but it is broken at last by a sharp exclamation from Lenore.

"What are you making such a noise about?" I cry, starting up and rubbing my eyes. "One may as well be killed as frightened to death—*Charlie!!!*"

Am I dreaming still? No; the water-fall's voice has come back to my ears, and the pines' woody fragrance to my nostrils. Providence has granted Sylvia's prayer—for a prayer it was; at least, it fulfilled the hymn's definition of prayer:

"Prayer is the heart's sincere desire,  
Uttered or unexpressed."

There he stands, three paces from me, among the juniper-bushes, solid and real, in the loose and untinted clothes that summer Britons love—stands there in all the stalwart, deep-colored beauty of his manhood. Providence has sent us a man "to give the whole thing a fillip." Lenore has risen to her feet and is facing him. Their hands are not touching, neither are they speaking, only they are looking at one another long and dumbly. Embarrassment at the recollected hostility of their last parting is tying Lenore's tongue, as I feel; but what is it that is giving that look of silent, painful wonder to Scrope's face?

"Why are you looking so hard at me?" she says, at last, in a low voice, with a tremulous asperity. "Is there any thing odd about me? Do not you know that it is not good manners to look so hard at any one?"

"I—I—beg your pardon," he says, stammering. "I—I—did not mean—you see, it is so long since I have seen—"

I have scrambled to my feet and shaken the illicit noonday sleep from my eyes. "Charlie!" I cry a second time, coming forward; and not being a person with any great command of language, I add nothing to the pertinent brevity of this observation.

He turns, and takes my ready hand in the cool, familiar, brotherly clasp with which, in their day, so many good and handsome men have honored me, and for which I have never felt the least grateful to them. "Did not you know I was coming?" he asks; "did not they tell you?"

"Not they?" reply I, laughing. "To let you into a secret, we are not quite on confidential terms—rather *en délicatesse*, as you may say. I dare say they thought we were not good enough to be told such a piece of news—that it would exhilarate us too much."

"They were nearly right there, I think," says Sylvia, to whom, being a little lower down, the answer to her prayer has been first vouchsafed. "It is never my way, as a rule, to make people conceited—men especially; I am sure they are bad enough, without one's helping them; but certainly, if one wishes to know how thoroughly to appreciate a friend, one must come to the Engadine."

"You are glad to see me, then?" he says, stretching out his hand to her, too, with a broad, eager smile. The question seems addressed to Sylvia, but his eyes seek Lenore. "Truly, honestly, without figure of speech? You know I had my doubts."

"A perfectly unjustifiable question," returns Sylvia, giving her head a little, playful

jerk. "We totally decline to answer it—do not we, Jemima?"

"And *you!*" he says, impulsively, stooping over Lenore, and lowering his voice a little.

She has sat down again, and, leaning on her elbow, is listlessly picking a bit of daphne to pieces: the little treacherous color that his first sudden coming had sent into her cheeks ebbed quickly out of them again.

"*I!*" (with a little start). "Oh, of course—yes, I think so—I suppose so—why should not I be?"

Her eyes were lifted to his; they mean to be kindly, but they have of late got a settled look of weary *nonchalance*, that they could not, if they would, put away.

"What have you been doing to her?" he says, leading me a little away from the others, on pretence of looking over the slender plank bridge that crosses the fall, grasping my arm, and staring with an angry, painful vehemence into my face. "They told me she was so altered that I should not know her again—not know her again!"—(with an accent of scorn)—"she would have to be altered indeed before that could come to pass. I thought they only said it to set me against her; that was why I followed you. I could not wait. My God! she is changed" (loosing my arm, and clinching his own hands together). "I could not have believed that any one—any young, strong person—could be so changed in five months."

I do not answer, for the excellent reason that I cannot. My throat is choked, and my silent tears drop on the bridge-rail and into the emerald pool beneath. One must love something. I have not had many people to love in my time; nobody very good, or that loved me much; and, for want of them, I love Lenore. I suppose he thinks that my speechlessness comes from callous indifference.

"You have taken no care of her," he continues, harshly; "you have not looked after her. When did she ever look after herself? You—who are so much older than she, that one would have thought that you would have been like a mother to her?"

He stops abruptly. She of whom we speak has risen and followed us.

"You are talking about me," she says, slightly smiling. "Yes, you both look guilty! what are you saying? No, I do not care to hear; nothing very interesting, I dare say."

So saying, she saunters slowly away again.

"You are no wiser than you were; I see that," I remark, smiling away my tears, and trying to smile when we are again alone.

"You are mistaken," he answers, with eager quickness; "I am perfectly cured—perfectly; and, when one is once thoroughly cured of a complaint of this sort, one does not sicken again. If I had not been sure of that, I would not have come near you; I would have put the width of all Europe between us."

I shake my head in a silent skepticism.

"See," he cries, earnestly, "do you remember how I used to tremble all over if my hand touched her?—how I grew redder than any lobster if she spoke to me? Do I tremble now?" (stretching out his right hand to me)—"am I red?"

Still I am silent.

"Do you hear?" he asks, impatiently.

"Yes," I answer, dryly, "I hear."

## CHAPTER VI.

"I feel the daisies growing over me."

WHAT THE AUTHOR SAYS.

THEY are sitting, they two, the lover and the loved one, in the tiny graveyard of the little church upon the hill. They have risen up hastily from the noisy supper, where the fusty German mother had shut the window, where the fusty German daughters had made weak and steaming negus of their *six ordinaire*, on this sultry summer evening. They two, and Jemima. They have passed through the small, still street, along the silent road, where even the dust lies quiet and white, and does not harry one as in the daytime; up the lane, past cottages and fields, to the little church that stands below the rocky mountain. Lenore has ridden; she could not have walked so far up the hill-side; ridden the fat pony, "a beautiful pony, just like a tea-pot," as Kolb, with doubtful compliment, remarked of him. Now he is tied to the church-porch, and is eating forget-me-nots in the evening gray. Jemima has discreetly strolled away, but her discretion has pleased but one of her companions; the other has hardly noticed it. It is all one to Lenore whether she goes or stays. It is eight o'clock. Pontresina Church is telling the hour sonorously, and the little hill-church beside her is answering with its one grave bell; the church, with its rude stone tower and little extinguisher top, its windows deep set in the wall, like deep-sunk eyes.

"Lenore," says Scrope, presently plucking a great forget-me-not, twice the size of those we see in England, from one of the low graves, "do you think it wicked to tell lies?"

"It depends," she answers, laughing slightly. "I think truth is rather an over-rated virtue."

"I told a gigantic lie yesterday."

"Did you?" she answers; but she does not seem to care to ask what it is.

He waits a moment, but, finding that her curiosity will not come to his aid, volunteers his information.

"I—I—told Jemima that I was perfectly cured" (reddening a little).

"Yes, that was not quite true," she replies, quietly.

"Are you glad or sorry?" he asks, eagerly.

She has plucked two blades of fine grass, and is carefully measuring them, to see which is the taller. Perhaps that is the reason that her response comes slowly.

"I am glad," she says, "quite glad! Formerly, when I was strong and well, I did not mind who cared for me or who did not; I cared for myself a great deal—immensely—and that was enough; but now that I am so weak and sickly, and *wonkying*, as they say in Staffordshire—is not it a good word? does not it give a limp, peevish, unstrung idea?—why, now I like some good, patient person to be near me, and look sorry when I am out of breath and in tiresome pain."

He does not answer, but I do not think she takes his silence ill.

"Care for me," she says, simply, stretching out her hand, with a sort of naïveté, to him—"care for me a little—care for me a good deal, but do not care for me too much; it is silly to care too much for any thing—one misses it so if it goes!"

He takes the hand she so frankly gives, but he is afraid violently to press or kiss it, lest, with a sudden change of mood, she may snatch it angrily away.

"Do you remember the day we parted?" he asks, in a hesitating voice.

"Yes," she says, with a rather embarrassed laugh, "to be sure, I remember. We both went into heroics, and you, after abusing me in good, nervous English, fell on your knees before me, and, in so doing, gave Pug's nose such a kick that it has never been the same pattern since."

"It is nearly six months since then," he says, in a low voice; "five, at least. If I had taken you at your word—"

"I am so glad you did not!" she interrupts, hastily.

Her face falls.

"So glad are you? Why?"

"Do not you know that I like to take all and give nothing?" she says, with a sort of smile. "That was always my way—always—let me have it a little longer. I know that I cause you pain every time that I am with you, but somehow I do not mind—I have no remorse; you are strong, and pain does not kill; sometimes it braces. See, I have suffered a good deal, and I am not dead."

He clasps the slight, cool hand he holds tighter.

"Thank God, no!"

"Have you ever known what it is to be very unhappy?" she says, looking with a sort of pensive curiosity into his face. "If I asked you, you would say 'Yes,' you would swear it; but somehow I doubt it. How clear and blue your eyes are! They look as if they had always slept all night and smiled all day. You are not fat, certainly—far from it—I hate a fat man; but how well and strongly your bones are covered!"

He does not asseverate; he makes no apology for his healthy manhood; but I think, when he next looks in her face, she knows that one may wear a sore heart and yet eat well, and have broad shoulders and a stalwart presence. There is no sound but the wind speaking pensively to the pines—the wind that makes all the meadows one cool shiver.

"Why are you so faithful?" she says, presently, with a sort of impatience in her voice. "There is no sense in it; there is something stupid in such fidelity; it is like a dog; it is not like a man, at least not like the men I have known."

A hot flush rises to the young man's face.

"It is stupid," he says, humbly. "I have often thought so."

"Why cannot you take a fancy to some one else?" she continues, sharply; "to one of my sisters, for instance; not Sylvia—no, I do not think I can conscientiously recommend her—but Jemima; she would worship

the ground you trod on, and she is not so very old, either. I have heard some people say that an Englishwoman is at her prime, mind and body, at twenty-eight; and she is only twenty-nine."

Scrope does not seem to jump at the tempting offer thus made him; he looks down on the flowered grass at his feet.

"She is not much to look at, certainly," pursues Lenore, coolly, "but neither am I, for that matter, just now; but, of course, when I grow strong again, I shall get my looks back, shall I not?"

He is busy, apparently, in trying to make out the Romancian inscription on the small broken pillar beside him; at least, he does not reply.

"Why do not you answer me?" she cries, angrily. "You used to be glib enough with your compliments and fine speeches; if you cannot say 'Yes,' at least have the honesty to say 'No!'"

"My dear," he says, with a sort of tremor in his voice, "what should I say either 'Yes' or 'No' to? In my eyes, you have never lost your looks; how can you get back what you have not lost?"

She looks at him with a scared discontent in her pale face.

"You have got out of it very lamely," she says, with a brusque laugh. "I never heard any thing clumsier in my life. There—never mind. I suppose you could not help it."

Her eyes stray thoughtfully away to the hills; a luminous mist, a dimness, yet a glory—seems spread over the high mountain amphitheatre that looks down on Pontresina; great, glorious battlements, lifting high heads against the higher heaven—citadels that a God must be dwelling in: that dim effulgence is the skirt of his trailed robes. Below, the meadows flash in yellow, and the river twists in silver. O heavenly Zion! O fair City beyond the clouds! can thy jasper walls and pearl gates be yet fairer?

"And you find that it is quite as impossible as you did six months ago?" Scrope asks, with a tremble in his low voice, after they have sat silent some time.

"Quite," she answers, briefly.

"And it is always *he* that is in the way?" he says, with an accent of bitterness.

"Yes," she answers, softly; "always he—always *he*." (Then, with a dreamy smile), "You see that there are other people who can be stupidly, *doggishly* faithful, as well as you; you, at least, cannot blame me."

"If he did but know it!" the young man cries, smiting his hands together, and looking passionately upward to the faint skies above him; "if some one would but tell him—if he did but see you now—he could not keep his senseless resentment any longer. It is against my own interest to say so, but he could not—he could not!"

"He has no resentment against me now," she answers, quickly, "none; he is no longer angry with me."

"How do you know?" with a hasty suspicion in his voice; "has he written to you?"

"No."

"How, then?"

"I have seen him," she says, briefly.

For a moment, astonished disappointment keeps him silent; then the two words, "When, where?" come, low but hurriedly, from his mouth.

"We had a long talk," she says, with the same unmirthful, tender smile, "quite a long talk—on a bridge—in the moonlight, at Bergun; the accessories sound romantic, do not they? Moonlight always makes one feel sentimental; I am not quite sure that we were not a little so."

A pause. Through the larches in the wood above them, a long—long sigh passes; then falls—dies—then revives again; a sound as of infinite yearning.

"When he is coming here, give me warning beforehand," says Scrope, in a voice that is next door to a whisper. "I suppose he will be coming here soon?"

"Perhaps," she answers, with a little laugh that is almost malicious. "Who knows? Perhaps he may take it in his wedding-tour."

"His wedding-tour!!"

"Yes," she answers, looking away from his bewildered face again, on the perfect content, the evening placidness, of the landscape; "it is *contrariant*, is it not? but he is going to be married."

"Who told you so?" (very rapidly).

"He told me so himself."

"And you? how did you take it? what did you say?"

"I said, 'Oh, are you?' I believe I laughed—I am not sure."

"And then?"

"And then—no, not quite *then*" (drawing in her breath slowly)—"a little afterward—he went."

"And you?"

"And I—oh, I lay down on the grass—nice, crisp, dry grass, by the river, with my head in a clump of trefoil—what a noisy river it was!" (speaking with a sort of penitent complaint)—"sometimes I hear it now, at night, running through my head."

"And you stayed there all night—you—in the damp?" (with a tone of reproachful solicitude).

"No, not *all* night; about half the night, I think—I forgot about the time; talking is very tiring work, and I was tired."

"Yes?"

"And then they grew anxious—Jemima and Sylvia—and came to look for me."

"Well?"

"And then they scolded me, and asked me what had happened to me, and I said I had seen a ghost; so I had."

The wind has no more to say; he has dropped; there is no noise but the swirl of the far water.

"Sylvia was quite interested," pursues Lenore, rousing herself, and even looking rather amused; "she wanted to know what sort of a ghost it was—whether a man's, or a woman's, or a child's, or a dog's—she said she had heard of dogs' ghosts being sometimes seen—and also whether it carried its head under its arm. I said, 'No, it did not;' and—and—and that is all, I think."

On the glacier-mountain there is a white glory that cannot be moonlight, for moon is there none; it must have stolen some of the sunset, and kept it in its bosom; the shadows

steal over the lower snow, but the peaks keep that strange shining, such as Moses' face had when he came down from his high talk with God.

"Charlie," says Lenore, suddenly, with an abrupt change of subject, "does not it occur to you that at Pontresina the dead are much better lodged than the living? Would not you rather be here than at the *Croix Blanche*?"

"At the present moment, certainly," he answers, with a smile. "I prefer you and the smell of flowers to the German squaws and the smell of negus."

"Look," she says, rising from her grassy seat, "I am going to show you something. If I were old, or had any complaint that was likely to kill me, I will show you the exact spot where I should like to lie—how can you see? you have turned away your face. Bah! how absurdly sensitive you are! you are as bad as Jemima. If either of you were to point out to me the place that you wished to be your grave, I should listen with the most composed attention, and try to bear it in mind against the time when I should have the misfortune to lose you."

"I quite believe it," he answers, bitterly; "I have no doubt you would."

"See," she says, not heeding the bitterness, hardly hearing it, but pointing, with a smile, to a spot of ground, richer even than its neighbors in manifold-colored flowers and fine green grass, "did you ever see any thing so luxurious?—this wall's shadow to shelter me from the sun at noonday, and all these pink plantains to ripple above one's head. They say one does not hear when one is dead—well, as to that, I have my own opinion; but if one could hear, it would be pleasant to listen to the wind softly buffeting their tall heads in the dim summer nights, would not it?"

No answer.

"I would have no gilt tears, however, on my cross," she adds, a few minutes later.

He stoops and plucks a handful of the pink plantains, angrily, and then throws it away again.

"What are you doing?" she asks, turning with a gesture of surprise and remonstrance to him. "Why do you look so cross? Why are you frowning and clinching your hands? You foolish fellow, do you think, if I meant to die *really*, that I should talk about it so lightly—that I should pick and choose my grave? Good God! no!" (with a strong shudder)—"I should keep far enough from the subject!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## GOING TO BED IN A COLD ROOM.

**I**T is a thing sufficiently commonplace, unworthy of prose or verse, to go to bed in a warm room, where

"Small busy flames play through the fresh-laid coals"

as your sleeping, or rather your waking companions. It is perhaps somewhat like dining, an invited guest, off a sumptuous table, with no ready stomach nor palate. You stir the

replenished grate, look vaguely into the fallen ashes which bear witness to the white martyrdom of coal, resolve (for you have not the soft, delicious persuasion of the sleepy eyelids weighed down with their proper night-dew) that it is your bed-hour, think languidly of the useless yesterdays and the unnecessary to-morrows, bring Macbeth's soliloquy, it may be, to your private benefit, saying:

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of recorded time"—

(your clock striking twelve to echo the last syllable);

"And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to restless beds. Out, out, brief candle!"

In lieu of the figurative candle, you turn off the fluttering gas-jet, and, as you classically phrase it, you "turn in," careful not so much of a new morning sunrise as for the fresh morning *Sun, Times, or Herald*. Nothing more of you need be known until half-past eight A. M. of the coming day, when you think lazily first of breakfast (if one had but an appetite!), and then perhaps of business—somewhat bored by both.

But blessed and thrice blessed is he for whom hardy choice or a most beneficent—even when least smiling—Fortune has made his bed and smoothed his pillow in a cold room! He sleeps in Abraham's bosom all the year, indeed. To him are given, night by night, such new sensations as those for which kings might throw away their foolish kingdoms. He conquers his paradise at one shuddering although faithful leap, and the gentle tropics over the feathers and under the coverlets breathe their tenderest influences to confirm its enjoyment.

Presuming yourself to be that happy person, reader, we beg to see you safely and snugly to bed. You have passed your evening until the approaching bedtime in the close, secluded company of your books, it may be; you have had the best human society, into whose first circles no ceremonious cards conduct, of some favorite novelist; you have shared and enjoyed the sweetest and tenderest thoughts and the exquisite pictures of some dear poet, the terse and wise, or gay and graceful language of some rare essayist; perhaps you, a bachelor (for, if you are a married man, this whole subject of going to bed falls to the ground and disappears in a blush of rosy mist), have been travelling in the good-humored company of that charming American couple, Basil and Isabel, on "Their Wedding Journey"—it may be that you have had filial communion with all of these, old and new (and Nature makes the old new forever in healthier and happier temperaments); but you come at last to a stand-still, or, we may say, a sit-still, unbidden. Your sitting-room must be comfortable, of course; it is warm, and what you fancy to be cosy; your feet are warm; your fancies go wandering through the glowing caverns of the red flames before you into that vague frontier of dream-land we call reverie. Suddenly you start, and think it is time to go to bed. Your thought melted away, and was a dream, a moment ago. It would not take you long to fall asleep.

"Sleep, the wide blessing," you say.

But, of course, you are in no haste to go to bed.

You are alone, and a faint shiver crawls up between your shoulders. That is a ghostly passage in "Macbeth" to recall at such a moment—we mean the knocking incident, which thrills the fearfully-startled reader of Shakespeare with a certain consciousness of guilt, and makes him feel an accessory while King Duncan's murder is shuddering through the house. Then you remember it was a sudden wind which clutched the sashes (the house being old is subject to such ghostly interruptions), and suggested that terribly wide-awake passage which haunted you so many years ago in boyhood.

It is a good thing to go to bed; it will be a good thing then to go to sleep. Sleep! Sancho Panza said something—what was it?—about sleep; and, like Lord Dundreary, you stagger through ludicrous mental misquotations before you reach Sancho's happy proverb. Yes, "Blessed be the man"—"Sleep, the wide blessing," you repeat; but whose quotation-marks shall you fold around this expression? Ah, you have it—Coleridge! You recall what other poets, too, have said about sleep. First, Shakespeare, who has many tender passages regarding it—that one, for instance, in "Macbeth" itself, in which he makes it so sacred in personification:

"Macbeth does murder Sleep, the innocent Sleep,  
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of Care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labor's bath,  
*Balm of hurt minds.*"

And the delicious little prayer in Beaumont and Fletcher's drama, which seems to bring a hushing atmosphere of vernal dusk and dew about one to repeat it, occurs to you:

"Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
Brother of Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud  
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud  
Or painful to his slumber; easy, sweet,  
And as a purling stream, thou Son of Night,  
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,  
*Like hollow, murmuring wind or silver rain:*  
*Into this prince gently, oh gently glide,*  
*And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!*"

Wordsworth's slumber-coaxing sonnet comes to mind, beginning:

"A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
One after one; the sound of rain and bees  
Murmuring; the fall of waters, winds, and seas,"  
and ending:

"Without thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
Come, blessed barrier between day and day,  
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous  
health."

Then, with an awakening interest in the drowsy subject, Spenser's famous "House of Morpheus" arises in your fancy; and, desiring to reread the description newly, you reach down Moxon's edition of Eliza's laureate, and read with italics here and there in your voice. Knowing where you make them, we repeat them likewise:

"He making speedy way through spars'd air,  
And through the world of waters wide and deep,  
To Morpheus's house doth hastily repair.

[He was going to sleep in a hurry.]

Amid the bowels of the earth full steep,  
And low, where dawning day doth never peep,  
His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed  
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth sleep  
*In silver dew his ever-drooping head,*  
Whiles sad Night over him her mantles black doth  
spread.

" Whose double gates he findeth *locked fast*,  
The one fair fram'd of burnish'd ivory,  
The other all with silver overcast;  
*And wakeful dogs before them far do lie*,  
Watching to banish Care their enemy,  
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep.  
By them the Sprite doth pass in quietly,  
And unto Morphens comes, whom drown'd  
deep  
In drowsy fit he finds; *of nothing he takes keep.*"

[The next stanza is the one, you remember, of which Hazlitt wrote: "It is as if 'the honey-heavy dew of slumber' had settled on his pen in writing these lines:"]

" And, more to lull him in his slumber soft,  
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling  
down,  
*And ever-dripping rain upon the loft*,  
*Mixt with a murmuring wind, much like the*  
*hum*  
*Of swarming bees*, did cast him in a swoone.  
*No other noise, nor peoples' troublous cries*,  
As still are wont t' annoy the wailed town,  
Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lies,  
Wrapt in eternal silence *far from enemies.*"

What a sense of security those "wakeful dogs" and the assurance in the last line quoted give to sleep! You, yourself, shall hear the watch-dog's honest bark if any one comes near your door, and the invasion shall neither molest nor make you afraid.

Now, the ludicrous little story you heard your friend Smith tell yesterday (to-day or yesterday shall you call it?) repeats itself to you. An old house-servant, a slave, in a Virginia family before the war (he is now an African citizen of Richmond), was sitting up late one night, his old and young masters and mistresses being out at a play. Nodding a while over the kitchen-fire, he concluded to lie down, hugging it closely, and soon was dozing. Suddenly the door-bell rang, and Sam awoke.

"Now dat's some one come to 'sturb me, but I sha'n't let him in, nohow."

However, he started drowsily, rubbing his eyes, as if brushing away imaginary flies, to the door, and, opening it, found a gentleman who had come to call upon the family.

"Well, my boy," said he, "is your master in?"

"No, sah, he is out."

"Is your mistress in?"

"No, sah, she is out."

The caller, after a pause: "Are any of the young ladies in?"

"No, sah, dey is all out."

The caller, after an irresolute moment: "Well, then, I will walk in and sit by the fire and wait until they come in."

"And dat is out too, sah."

Yes, your fire, too, is dying out, and—well, it has been your bed-hour for some time past. It is growing late indeed—the clock-index approaches eleven; a late hour for an early riser, first cousin of lamb and lark. It is very cold; you begin to feel it taking subtle possession of your study-room; a moment ago, stepping into the adjoining chamber for some estrayed trifle, you saw the water in a pitcher had put on its white overcoat; and the late moon, just arisen, shone scintillant over the crispy roofs of frozen snow. You must go to bed.

Yes, you must go to bed. Your fire is burnt out; only a hovering mist of flame flutters here and there, and you begin to cover the embers that wink at you slowly

and drowsily from under their soft gray eyelids. "May you be covered as well and warm!" they seem to say. You must wink and blink at them in return for a little while; but, after ten minutes, you rouse yourself suddenly, standing up resolutely determined: "Yes, I must go to bed."

There!—you cross to the chill chamber-door and open it.

"If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well  
If we done quickly."

And now, indeed, you are gone to bed in a cold room! Once under the covers, you begin to receive the reward of your virtue. Those thin layers of snow that line the blankets, and are familiarly known as sheets, assume a gentle moisture and melt away; the wind drops its icy treble and sings *Eolian harmonies*; the kind household deities breathe their dearest influence to give their beloved sleep. To-morrow you think—no matter about to-morrow, anyhow. The baker is welcome with his bill, the butcher will come with his beef. Somehow just then you thought of that dear and blessed time, when, with the gentle motion of a world of love (in the old farm-house, somewhere far away, thatched with memories), your mother came to tuck her sleepy darling in, and—just now you find yourself with some tears of blissful sadness in your eyes, awakened into the white light of buoyant morning air, your breath like the Afrite of the Arabian Nights above you in the new day.

JOHN J. PIATT.

## VENUS, THE MORNING-STAR.

EARLY risers who watch the eastern sky, about an hour before sunrise, will see a brilliant star hanging, like a golden lamp in the heavens, and shining with a softened glow like nothing else in the broad concave. It is the planet Venus, now the bright morning-star, and meriting, from her unrivaled grace and peerless lustre, the title of Queen of the Stars. She is the most easily recognized of all the planets, and is often called the Shepherd's Star. Poets as well as astronomers have sung her praises ever since to the students of astronomical science she lingered in the glowing west as the Vesper of the ancients, or heralded the rosy dawn as bright Lucifer, son of the morning.

Venus is now passing from her inferior to her superior conjunction. She was brightest last November, when she was plainly visible after sunrise as a golden dot, and at noonday as a tiny point of fleecy cloud. She reached her greatest distance from the sun in December; and, if her progress is now watched, she will be seen each morning to approach the sun, and rise a few minutes later, until the 16th of July, when, arriving at her superior conjunction, she will become invisible in the brightness of his rays. She will then reappear on his eastern side, apparently receding, and growing brighter till 1873. Her position in the solar system, combined with her motion and our own, makes her, to an observer on the earth, seem to oscillate in straight lines on each side of the sun. An

entire oscillation takes five hundred and eighty-four days, and, therefore, she is alternately morning and evening star for two hundred and ninety-two days.

The telescopic appearance of Venus is now like that of the moon in her gibbous phase when approaching the full, but the fascinating planet is a disappointing object for telescopic observation. Such is the rapidity of her motion and the brilliancy of her light that astronomers have found great difficulty in making discoveries on her surface. Her intense lustre brings out every defect of the instrument, especially the chromatic aberration, giving her the appearance of a brilliant ball of prismatic hues. She presents, however, all the phases of the moon, and varies greatly in size as she approaches or recedes from the earth, being twenty-five times as large when nearest to us as when most remote. But, as when nearest, only a small crescent of light is turned toward us, and, when farthest, we see the whole enlightened disk, her apparent size does not vary as much as might be supposed. Her phases develop very irregular forms. The horns of the crescent are truncated, and sometimes a bright point is seen completely separated from the illuminated portion. These inequalities are evidences of her irregular surface, and some astronomers claim to have measured mountains on her surface reaching to a height of twenty-seven miles. Evidences of an atmosphere are plainly discernible, as well as the recurrence of morning and evening twilight. Spectroscopic examination of her light gives the dark lines of the solar spectrum and the marked presence of nitrogen as one of her constituents. Snow zones around her poles have been seen, though by no means so plainly marked as those of the planet Mars. Several astronomers of note during the eighteenth century thought they had discovered a satellite, but modern research fails to establish the fact.

A special interest is attached to this planet. She is our nearest celestial neighbor; her day is nearly of the same length as ours; her diameter varies but little; her density, mass, and gravity, differ only slightly; and her year is about two-thirds as long as ours. These are the analogies, while the contrasts are less marked than in the other planets. The sun appears to her twice the size, and gives out twice the heat and light. Her motion in her orbit is much more rapid, and her orbit less elliptical. But her axis is so inclined to the plane of her orbit that her arctic regions extend to within fifteen degrees of her equator, giving her eight seasons during her short year.

This brilliant planet is now an object of absorbing interest among astronomers on account of the near approach of the transit of 1874. If the plane of the orbit of Venus coincided with that of the earth, we should have transits at every inferior conjunction, but such is its inclination that they occur only at long intervals. The last one took place in 1761, the next ones will occur in 1874 and 1882, after which more than a century will elapse before the recurrence of another. It may be thought that a little black spot passing in a straight line over the sun's disk

is of no importance in the history of science; but those who watch celestial movements are looking with intense interest for the occurrence of the next transit, as the solution of the important question of the sun's distance will be written on its records. The English astronomer-royal calls this the noblest problem in astronomy. In order to give an idea of the extraordinary importance attached to the coming transit, we will give the results of the last two transits in regard to the sun's distance. In Ferguson's "Astronomy," written about the middle of the last century, the earth's distance from the sun is given as eighty-two million miles. The transit of 1761 gave a result of ninety-five million miles. The same result was obtained by the transit of 1769. But we are not now dependent alone upon Venus for a solution of the problem. The base-line system has been applied to Mars, and even the velocity of light has been brought to bear upon the question. The result of modern investigation shows an error of four million miles. This seems like a great mistake in astronomical calculation; but even this error in the sun's angular diameter, if it be an error, is no greater than the breadth of a human hair seen at a distance of one hundred and twenty-five feet! Mr. Stone, of the Greenwich Observatory, has also discovered a mistake in the calculations of the transit of 1769, which brings the sun's distance down to ninety-one million miles. For his careful research a gold medal has been awarded to him by the Royal Geographical Society.

Without going into scientific technicalities, we will merely say that observers of the transit on different parts of the earth would see the planet travelling over the sun's disk in different positions. An observer at the centre of the earth would see the planet travelling in a straight line over some part of the disk. One at the north-pole would see the planet's path projected somewhat lower down on the sun's disk; and one at the south-pole would see the path projected higher up. Therefore, as seen from the north and south poles, the path of the planet would be separated by an interval. In order to make this interval between the observations the longest possible, stations at great distances from each other must be chosen. The problem is complicated by the difficulty of obtaining simultaneous observations; by the fact that the earth is moving at the same time; and by the different distances of the earth and sun from Venus.

The next transit will, therefore, be anticipated and observed in every inhabited quarter of the globe with an intensity of expectation which no natural phenomenon has ever before excited. Distant stations in the arctic and antarctic regions have been selected; the most accurate instruments have been constructed, and arrangements for the outfit of expeditions are in full progress. The English astronomers have received a grant of fifty thousand dollars from Parliament; the French Academy is vigorously at work; the German "Bunds" are zealously in the field; other European societies will contribute their share to the great object; and American enthusiasm will not allow its astronomers to do less than

their part. A recent appropriation by Congress of two thousand dollars was used in making some test experiments in photography with a view to its use in the coming transit as a measurer of time. The members of the expedition designed for the distant and inhospitable antarctic station are about to commence their long journey, for much difficult and delicate work must be done after they have reached their destination.

EMMA M. CONVERSE.

### ARBUTI CARMEN.

I KNOW the wild-wood haunts where thou abidest,  
And, there, the mossy nooks where most thou hidest,  
Arbutus, sweet and shy.

And this fair day, while April's sun was climbing,  
And bird and brook in sweet accord were chiming  
Spring's opening melody:

By the old saw-mill with its wheel swift going,  
Half mad, half merry at the flushed stream's flowing,  
We took a winding road:

Rough yet and rutty from the winter travel  
Of clumsy wheels, that scooped the sodden gravel,  
And creaked with timbered load:

A mountain-road none but the woodman uses,  
Or, haply, some light-hearted group that chooses  
Brief inlet to the hills—

Like me and mine—to find thee, sweet Arbutus,  
Or chestnuts in the fall, where none dispute us,  
With hindering bars or bills.

Like me and mine! I think that king or Kaiser  
Had borrowed pride to be the happy praiser  
Of girls and boys like mine.

I think, O pale Arbutus! thy pink flushes  
Less lovely than my maidens' sudden blushes—  
Half human, half divine:

That Light, and Love, and Joy—each heavenly painter—  
Lays on their cheeks, in hues than thine scarce fainter,  
Yet fading not with May.

And thy coy blossoms, by the mosses stifled,  
Of sweets, by lither arms were never rifled,  
Than of my boys to-day.

With shouts of glee that set thy petals quaking,  
From every moss-plumed bank light echoes wakening,  
They urged the frolic raid.

O shy Arbutus! vain thy curtains mossy,  
And vain thy shield-like leaves so green and glossy,  
To give thy beauties aid!

They say, sweet flower, that pride is not thy failing,  
But is there not, I prithee, in thy "trailing"  
A touch of floral pride?

Didst thou not only laugh while hiding under Mosses and leaves—to fancy my glad wonder—  
As I thy charms espied?

And while thou hast—and mayst deserve—the credit  
Of being shy—just as the bards have said it—I cannot help the doubt:

That if thou didst not understand thy beauty—  
Thou wouldest not hide from just a sense of duty,  
Glad not to be found out!

I must confess thou dost not love the garden,  
And shunnest paths the common footsteps harden,  
But may not this be tact—

To make us woo thee in thy native wild-wood—  
To fascinate alike, age, youth and childhood—  
Mere coquetry in fact?

But, no! I see thee blush from vase and basket—  
Thy very white turns rosy as I ask it—  
And sets my doubt at rest.

I think thou art of all sweet flowers the shyest,  
And so shall seek thee more, as more thou fiest—  
To wear upon my breast.

W. C. RICHARD.

### SOLDIERS PLAYING AT CARDS.

(See following page, 436.)

AMONG the noted *genre* painters of France is Louis Ruiperez, a pupil of Meissonier, who, with much of the dramatic power, fine appreciation of character, and precision of drawing, displayed by his distinguished master, exhibits boldness in composition and a breadth which Meissonier sometimes fails to achieve. The illustration, "Soldiers playing at Cards," gives a good idea of his style. The story is so well told, that the picture needs scarcely a line of description. Two soldiers in undress playing at *écarté* in a cabaret, while three others look on intently, and in the distance a woman entering with a bottle of wine and glasses. The younger man of the two has just played his card, and looks with interest to see how his adversary will receive it. He appears to have a chance of winning the present game, though he has evidently been a loser before. The expression of the faces of the players, and of the lookers-on, is generally truthful and well contrasted.



SOLDIERS PLAYING AT CARDS.—FROM A PAINTING BY LOUIS RUITEREZ.

## OLD VIRGINIA MANNERS.



THE COON HUNT.

WHEN I was eighteen—the sweet time, the gay time!—I went to spend the summer at Oaktree Hall; and for many summers thereafter the good old mansion was my annual resort in the bright days.

The period I refer to may be called "old times" now, and old times have a perennial interest, I think, to those who have passed middle age, always provided that the snow-flakes sprinkling the hair have not chilled the heart beneath. With me such a thing is wholly impossible, and the memory of the old hall is a source of never-ending enjoyment. It was a large brick mansion, situated upon a hill, above a considerable stream, and the extensive grounds were dotted with century-oaks, dead at the top, but with huge wide-spreading boughs full of singing-birds. On the left were the numerous "quarters," the stables, barn, grain-houses, overseer's house, and other adjuncts. Ascending the hill, from the white gate, by a winding road, you stopped in front of a large, plain portico, with benches and split-bottomed chairs, and entered a



"I WAS A GROWN MAN BEFORE YOU WAS BORN, CHILD."

huge door, with a lock upon it (never used) about two feet long, and then you found yourself in a wide hall, with its great staircase, and lofty doors leading into the large parlor, the capacious dining-room, and the chambers in rear of each. I employ adjectives of magnitude, in speaking of the old hall, you see, good reader. In fact, every thing about the hall was large and open, like the hearts of its inmates. The doors were wide enough to give access to a race of Anakins; the windows reached from the floor to the ceiling nearly; the fireplaces were immense, and held huge logs; and the great dining-table, of polished mahogany, nearly black with age, was a spectacle. The house was "old time-y" throughout, with its tall, narrow mantel-pieces, carved wood-work, heavy cornices, and ancient furniture. On the walls hung old portraits in lace and ruffles; pictures of famous race-horses and hawking-parties were seen everywhere; and in the "hall" proper were guns, bird-bags, fishing-rods, and deers' antlers—I remember especially over one of

the doors some great horns of the elk, which gave you a vivid idea of the size of that animal, once an inhabitant of the Blue Ridge. In the winter-time these objects were lit up by great fires of logs, blazing merrily on the tall, old-fashioned brass andirons; a circle of happy faces gathered around; countless Africans went and came; youths clattered through the hall; lithe maidens ran about on tiptoe laughing and singing; and comfort, kindness, hospitality, and merriment, were tutelary deities of the "place and time."

What a good place and time it was—the old ball in the days of my youth! And the "sweet fields" of that far-away time are even sweeter now, I think, in the retrospect, than then in actual reality. But they were surely charming. The sun shone so brightly then; the bloom of the flowers was so entralling; the youths and maidens were so rosy and laughing! Is it coming age that makes me fancy the old times so brilliant, and do the flying years, as they lapse away, make me *laudator temporis acti*? Perhaps—but these old scenes, characters, and manners, of my youth, which are no longer seen to-day, charm me in memory; and I go back to Oaktree Hall with delight. I have spoken of the great winter fires, in front of which the happy group talked, laughed, told stories—ghost-stories, chiefly—and passed the long evenings with so much enjoyment. But it was in summer that the hall was in its glory. A great host of relations gathered there—for never was clan more clannish than ours—and a thousand diversions sent the hours and days upon their way with mirth and pleasure. If you wished to ride, there were excellent saddle-horses in the stable; if the ladies wished to drive, the sleek and very dogmatic old coachman was promptly at the door with the roomy old carriage and the glossy old horses; if you chose to row or fish, there was a little boat balanced lightly beneath the willow, on the bright waters of the "stream from the hills," which you ascended easily with a paddle, the banks on either hand fringed with foliage of tender green, or every tint of the rainbow, as the season was summer or autumn. In the neighboring hills there were wild-turkeys, partridges, and a stray deer now and then—how often I have hunted them, albeit the most unworthy of the representatives of Nimrod! and how well I



THE COLT.

remember the fat doe, just under whose left eye my dear brother planted his rifle-ball! Then at the hall you could ride, drive, hunt, or fish. If you preferred in-door amusement, there was an old bookcase containing a long array of volumes of the *Edinburgh* and other reviews; the Waverley novels, with a great collection of (odd) volumes

to draw for himself the picture of that little army of bright faces on the grassy lawn. How lovely they were! With their curls, and rosy cheeks, and sparkling eyes, they made it a fairy time, dotting the expanse beneath the century-oaks, like flowers of the spring. And the little ones, take notice, were but one "class of the population." Young maidens wandered slow in the distance, attended assiduously by their boy-lovers; elderly mademoiselles and cavaliers of eighteen or twenty decorously promenaded and discoursed; younger urchins ran, played, raced on colts, or wrestled; dimpled little ones staggered or tripped with uneven steps on the grass; and in the arms of the old negro nurse, with her head in a white handkerchief and her consequential gait, you saw the chubby-faced, curly-haired, open-and-staring-eyed darling of all, decked out by mamma in all the colors of the rainbow, the wonderful, unheard-of, most remarkable of created beings, the paragon of paragons—in a single word, *the baby!* I grow uncommonly young again as I think of those sighing lovers, toddling little ones, and that extraordinary baby, for whose notice the maidens violently contended. I see the blue of the sky and the bloom of the flowers again, and the summer birds sing in my memory.

It is time to speak of some of the inmates of the old hall.



UNDER THE OAK.

The head of the house was my much-loved Uncle Adam, who was a most excellent gentleman and the most amusing of companions. Uncle Adam had been formerly, in the days of his youth, a slender, semi-romantic-looking, and rather dandified young beau, with a high-collared coat, ruffles at breast, and a lady-killer smile, as his portrait showed; but, with advancing age and an increasing number of "responsibilities," he had discarded the ruffles, grown portly, and his brilliant glance had given place to bearing of easy good-humor. From the first moment when he met you, with both hands held out, at his great door, you felt that he was the soul of hospitality; but he did not annoy you with attentions, tranquilly riding forth to attend to his large estate. When he returned, he was ready to laugh and talk with easy enjoyment, on politics, books, any subject. He adhered to old things and habits, preferring, I think, to smoke a pipe and drink water out of a gourd. Some of his views were peculiar. He considered the world divided into Europeans, Africans, Asiatics, Americans, and Virginians, regarding the latter race as the supreme perfection, flower, and climax of all others. For the reprehensible purpose of arousing heated discussion, I always denied and controverted these views of my worthy relative; but I certainly never convinced him. He either listened, laughing in a leisurely and most provokingly unconvinced manner, or he tranquilly stated his own views during the utterance of my own opinions, not embarrassed at all by, or entirely careless of, the fact that my voice completely drowned his own. There were, indeed, about my relative a delicious confidence in his opinions, and an indifference to what the world calls consistency, that charm me now, only to remember them. I have seen him, while sitting with his feet against a pillar of the portico, and smoking with unclouded enjoyment, gesticulate persuasively on the subject of the evils attending the use of tobacco, delivering on that subject, for the benefit of his eldest son, then present, the most eloquent homilies.

"Yes," he would say, "it is one of the—puff—worst habits a young man can—puff—have. Take my advice, my son—puff—and never—puff—smoke!"

I touch thus with a careless pen the salient peculiarities of good Uncle Adam; but he was much more than he is here drawn—an excellent, generous, kindly, hospitable, and *Christian* gentleman. May he live long, and be as happy as he deserves to be!

Shall I speak of my aunt, mother of the lord of the manor, the stately, mild, most charming old lady, who used to sit in her great chair, with her gray hairs neatly drawn beneath her snowy cap, her spectacles raised or lowered, as she spoke to some one, or knitted busily at her stocking? She was the centre and chief delight of all—youth, maiden, children, and grandchildren—and had a smile and an affectionate word in her sweet, mild voice for all. She was a remarkable person—thin, erect, as straight as an arrow, with something calm and imposing in her tranquillity, as of some old countess, and used to tell us long stories of old times and distinguished people. I fancy her now as one

of the last links between the old age and the new; I see her sitting in her chamber, where, after the Virginia country fashion, she received everybody. She sleeps now her last sleep, but I seem to have touched hands, in clasping her thin, white fingers, with the age of Washington.

I shall not outlive the mischievous urchins—that class is the same in all ages and countries; they hunt birds'-nests, fish, tear their clothes, ride colts bareback, eat unceasingly, and are uninteresting until they become generals, senators, or celebrities. Of the maidens I dare not speak; and yet at the hall there were many charming ones. Of one a pleasant little story is still related in the family. She was very beautiful; never did golden curls cluster in sweeter profusion around a lovelier face. As good as she was pretty, she used to visit the sick servants in their cabins, taking them delicacies, and one old man was repeatedly visited thus by his young mistress. One morning, when her rounds led her again to the old man's cabin, she said, smiling:

"Uncle Tom, don't you get tired of me?"

"Tired of you, mistuss?" quoth the aged African.

"Of seeing me so often, I mean?"

The old head was shaken slowly.

"Who would git tired, mistuss, of seein' a primrose every mornin'?" was the remonstrance.

And I think you will agree with me, worthy reader, that there was something like genuine poetry in the old man's comparison of the girl, with her golden hair, to the yellow primrose.

I would like to speak of some of the old traditional love-affairs of that and the preceding generation—of the desperate youths, the cruel maidens, the incident where one threatened to throw himself from a great, fir-clad rock, towering hundreds of feet above the stream, unless his suit were prosperous; the other incident of a gallant lover, him who shot the deer, riding twenty miles by moonlight on his black horse "Randolph," throwing a nosegay into the window of his Dulcinea's chamber, and riding back again at a wild gallop, as he came. This and other incidents were a little before my time—the gallant traditions, as it were, of the family—and I speak here only of what I saw.

I have referred to old Tom, the ailing African, whom my fair young cousin visited in his cabin. What a queer, suggestive, interesting race of people these old "darkies" were! They live now—when they have nearly disappeared—nowhere in books, unless a glimpse is caught of them in the charming "Swallow

Barn" of Mr. Kennedy, who therein returned, as I am doing, to the days of his youth in Old Virginia. That these ancient, sable worthies should be regarded by anybody as "down-trodden," etc., appears to me extraordinary—the idea little less than an hallucination. I knew and associated with them from my earliest years—have been cuffed, scolded, denounced, spoiled by them—and can testify that never was a more contented, happy, domineering, consequential, well-to-do class of people in the world. The old mammy was the fee-simple owner and proprietress of the child intrusted to her, and administered the law toward her charge in full *locus parentis*. The old coachman who permitted the urchin from the big house to ride the carriage-horses to water was one of the *diu maiores* in the eyes of that urchin. And woe to boy or girl of tender years who obstructed the solemnities of the kitchen, or worried the fat old cook! Of these worthy people, who seem to be disappearing, I write what I remember and know. They were well fed, well clothed, portly, dogmatic, "aristocratic" to the echo, and uniformly considered their master's family the best in the entire world. This family attachment was a really powerful sentiment with them, and to flatter it was to charm them, as to say any thing even remotely derogatory to "the family" was to arouse their ire and contempt. They rejoiced in the joy, sympathized in the trouble, and were capable of making any and every sacrifice for "the family." They were, in word, simple, affectionate, dogmatic, consequential, and utterly content. There were many amusing phases of their queer individuality. What old Cato, Cæsar, or other sable philosopher, did not know, was, in his opinion, not worth knowing—if, indeed, you could convince him that there was any thing whatever that he did *not* know. Did you contro-



THE BABY.

vert his views, he retorted by addressing you as "child," and informing you that he was a grown man before you were born. Did you suggest an improved method of doing any thing, he received your suggestion with ill-concealed contempt, and informed you that you could not tell him any thing about that. And woe to you if you hinted that a horse belonging to anybody was better bred, had better action, or was better-looking, than his old master's! A smile of profound disdain was his only response, and a muttered remark, as he turned away, which your *amour-propre* would not have fancied, had you caught it. The mammy, coachman, and butler, in a Virginia family of old times, were, in a word, most tyrannical and consequential personages, satisfied with themselves and all around them, convinced that hoe-cake and bacon were the best discovered food, firm in their conviction that they knew every thing, and rooted in their faith in the towering and unequalled consequence of "the family." Among the great men of my childhood, I chiefly recall Ned, the *major-domo*—portly, quiet, profoundly respectful, but most consequential in his black dress—and William, the coachman, who held the reins, as he drove up to the door, with the air of an emperor guiding the destinies of a world.

I give too much space, in my brief country reminiscences, to the old servants of my youth. Alas! they go as the leaves go in autumn weather, and soon but few will linger. Those I have around me still are unchanged, but they are very old. Their children and grandchildren are already a new race. For weal or woe, they differ *toto cœlo* from their ancestors. They are changed; and we, the "white people"—*nos mutamur cum illis*. At the time I speak of, the Virginia boy was far more careless, uproarious, and happy, than he seems to be to-day, when the wolf is in so many instances at the door, and the boys must help the elders to keep him out. How at the good old hall in those far-off times—and everywhere at all the old Virginia halls—the Virginia youth enjoyed himself! His father was possessed generally of a thousand acres of land, and young *Virginianus* led a charming life. As a boy he revelled in the celestial enjoyment of breaking all the colts on the plantation and riding the horses to water, until, having attained to a pony of his own, he was lord of himself, that heritage in his case, not of woe, but of extreme enjoyment, and moved to and fro, hunting, vis-

iting, pleasuring at his own wild will. Grown a little older, he discarded the pony, as unworthy of a gentleman of his advanced age and high position, and, securing a blooded horse, commenced the pursuit of the fox, spending whole days in eager sport, and returning at night bending down in the saddle with delightful weariness and triumph. To his ears the cry of the hounds was pure music; and, when not following them, he was going at a pace as headlong in pursuit of some blue-eyed and rosy-cheeked Dulcinea, who was almost uniformly his cousin, and who blighted his life or made him wildly happy, until he went to college and forgot her.

Turkey-hunting, partridge-hunting (there never were better pointers, I think, even in England, than some of the old Virginia dogs), and fox-hunting (what a good time I have had at that exhilarating sport!)—these diversions made the old days fly onward, full of enjoyment. And with night came *jigging* by torch-light for fish, and hunting the possum and the coon. These animals are styled, I know, the opossum and the raccoon in books, but, when you hunt them, it is coon-hunting and possum-hunting; and what delightful recollections the very words must arouse in some readers! How cold the nights were, and yet how warm you became trampling through the low grounds, with the luring sound, in advance, of the old coon-dog's deep-mouthed bay as he followed the trail! What music in that ringing bark! Has any thing since that time, friend, excited you more delightfully than the headlong rush which followed? The bushes dragged off



A VISIT TO THE QUARTERS.

your hat—you ran against trees—you tumbled into ditches—you tore your clothes to tatters climbing fences or rushing through fallen trees—but recall the joy which came to your heart when the bark of the dogs became stationary; when you reached the giant tree in which the game had taken refuge; when, kindling a fire beneath, amid a circle of yelping hounds, your sable, sleek, tattered, and equally-delighted African friend and brother huntsman attacked the great tree with his ringing axe, and you looked up and saw the sparkling eyes of the possum or the coon amid the foliage above! Then the last and crowning scene in this exciting drama! Followed a crash, a furious combat, a coon rolling, snapping, biting, arousing howls of agony from his enemies; and, if he fell in water, drowning them, triumphing, and getting off! Let others revel in the charms of

wealth and the bright rewards of political or literary success; but for me, give me to hunt the coon, and to be eighteen when I do so!

These idle recollections of idle days in past years extend too far; but the subject is pleasant, the memory of my youth at Oaktree Hall quite entralling. The summers were so bright then, in those old dead years of the past! and I look back to them now with the vain regret of a child. How blue was the sky and how bright the gold of the autumn leaves! How sweet the murmur of the stream under the willows, and the tinkling drip of the water from the paddle! How good the "Bellflower" apples were, and how sweet the cider tasted as we caught it in a gourd at the old-fashioned press—a beam and tub—in the orchard! How we used to hunt turkeys and pursue the coon, and fall in love with Blue Eyes, and rummage in letter-baskets in closets, and find love-letters half a century old, and go and ask the stately grandma or aunt, with her gray hair under her white cap, if "uncle" or "grandpa" wrote them! How we feasted and frolicked and told ghost-stories and played games in front of the great roaring fires in the long autumn nights! How the wind ran merrily through the great oaks and rattled the windows! How the old portraits looked down from the walls and seemed to smile! How the piano sounded gayly, while youth and maiden laughed, and the bright moons shone—the moons of Villon, the moons of youth!

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

## SONNET.

COMPOSED ON A MARCH MORNING IN THE WOODS.

THE winds are loud and trumpet-clear to-day;  
 They seem to sound an onset, half in ire,  
 Half in the sadness of forlorn desire  
 To force Spring's fairy vanguard to delay;  
 For here, methinks, worn Winter stands at bay—  
 Yet stands how vainly!—spring-time's subtlest fire  
 Melts his cold heart to nothingness, while nigher  
 Draw April hosts, and rearward powers of May—  
 All maiden verdures, concords of sweet air,  
 Stealing as dawn steals gently on the world;  
 Breezes, balm-laden, blown from mystic seas,  
 With armies of blush roses, dew-impaled—  
 Till Earth, reclaimed from Winter's grim despair,  
 Blooms as once bloomed the weird Hesperides.

PAUL H. HAYNE.

## INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE proposal now before Congress for an international copyright law has provoked a wide discussion and considerable opposition. We purpose, in this paper, to give, as nearly as possible, a general but brief survey of this important question, and the leading arguments current for and against it.

The American publishers, while opposing the international copyright laws that have from time to time been proposed, have not, as body, objected to international copyright, provided it could be effected without injury to their business. The fact that voluntary copyright is now paid to almost every leading English author is proof that the necessity of remunerating the original producer of a book has not been the cause of the opposition to international copyright. It was seen that such a law, if unaccompanied by restrictions, would throw the entire manufacture of English books for this market into the hands of English publishers. As this would be simply disastrous to the American publisher and to all the interests connected therewith, the laws and treaties as hitherto proposed have been steadfastly resisted by nearly the entire body of people identified with printing and book-making.

To protect these interests, and yet render justice to those who furnish us with so large a proportion of our literature, it was recently proposed to extend American copyright to English authors as distinguished from English books—that is, to give the foreign writer the full protection of copyright law, provided simply that he contracted with and published through an American house. A modification of this plan was afterward made, by which it is stipulated that the foreign book shall be reprinted here, but no requirement is made as to the nativity or citizenship of the publisher. This proposition, which is generally

known as the Appleton plan, has met with no little opposition, and led to the presentation of counter-schemes. The opposition to it comes from three classes: first, those who are opposed to any international copyright; second, from those who want a simple, unrestricted, and unqualified copyright; and, lastly, from those who have other schemes to offer.

Those who are opposed to an international law outright may be classified as follows: those who resist it because they believe their interests would be injuriously affected by it; those who are in favor of cheap literature, and apprehend that international copyright would enhance the price of books; and, lastly, those who take the broad ground that all copyright law is restrictive and impolitic.

The opposition that comes from self-interest we shall not at present consider. Publishers who believe that such a law would be detrimental to their interests have no ground of opposition on which they can publicly take a stand, and hence employ for their purpose all the various arguments that may be advanced by other disputants. Those who oppose it on the ground that the price of books will be thereby advanced, represent, no doubt, the great body of the public, and their reasons demand full consideration. The moral of the question—that justice should be rendered to producers and workers, even at the penalty of an enhanced price—we will not now discuss. Copyright has, in fact, but a small place in determining the price of books. There is little or no obvious difference in price between reprints which pay voluntary copyright and those which do not. Price is determined principally by the nature of the work, and the probabilities of sale, whether in its character or purpose designed for the many or the few. Appleton & Co., for instance, have just begun the publication of Fenimore Cooper's novels, which are copyright, at a price cheaper than that of any recent reprints, excepting perhaps one or two editions of Dickens. Whenever the character of a book designs it for the great body of readers, the price will be low, regardless of copyright. The ordinary laws of trade necessarily control this matter. As the books of nearly every popular English author already pay voluntary copyright, we now practically experience almost the full measure of influence upon price that the law proposed will exert. It should be remembered that an international law cannot affect the price of school-books, the greatest of all interests in book-making, nor of periodical literature; it may have some small noticeable influence upon cheap novels, and enter to a very small degree into the price of choice editions for the library. But let us here say that many people are vehemently opposing an international copyright in order that literature may be cheap, and in the same breath supporting a protective tax on paper, type, and binders' materials, whereby literature is made dear.

Those who oppose copyright altogether, national and international, assert that ideas as soon as uttered become public property, and that copyright or other restriction upon them is an injury to the general public. These gentlemen mistake the whole matter. Copy-

right does not cover, does not intend to cover, cannot cover, ideas. Ideas are elements in literary composition that are as free as air. Copyright affects solely literary construction; it secures property only in the special form by which the ideas are expressed; that is to say, it covers the product of the author's labor—a labor which, like all forms of effort, is partly physical and partly intellectual. The ideas set forth may be uttered or employed by any one if related under a different collocation of words. Mr. Buckle's theory of averages, for instance, could not be copyrighted; the moment it is uttered it becomes common property, and may be employed by any person anywhere. An idea in a poem by Longfellow may be copied and repeated without end, but the artistic form which embodied the idea is the result of the poet's labor, and this copyright protects. A book may have copyright that is utterly without ideas, or one may have copyright if every idea in it is borrowed. The arguments that have come up from Philadelphia in regard to copyrighted ideas disappear at once under this simple analysis. And, of course, if there were justice in this theory, it would apply to national copyright as well as to international, and, in withdrawing legal protection from literary property, simply check the production of books, and destroy literature as a profession. Another argument advanced by this class is that, the foreign author having already been paid, no further claim exists, because profit should be determined, not by results, but by amount of labor bestowed, and thus return the foreign author has already received. This principle, in all reason, could not be limited to literary pursuits; and, if law is authorized to step in and limit the profits of labor to a simple equivalent of time and effort, then it should in all justice be competent to insure profits equal to this equivalent. It would soon be found, under the working of this rule, that the cost of literature would be enhanced, inasmuch as at present the proportion of literary labor underpaid is far greater than that which is overpaid.

Having thus briefly considered the nature of the opposition to any form of international copyright, we come now to the objections current to what is known as the Appleton bill—that is, to a law which grants the foreign author copyright, on condition of his manufacturing and publishing here. This bill is indisputably framed in the interests of the American book-maker. It is an attempt to recognize the rights of the foreign writer in his literary wares without jeopardizing important manufacturing and commercial interests. It is opposed by many persons on the ground that it is restrictive and narrow; that it sacrifices public to special interests; and that it will build up the larger publishing-houses into monopolies.

In the first place, it is not so restrictive as it seems. Laws often appear formidable on paper that in operation are simple enough. The exact practical result of the Appleton proposal will be to place the English author, so far as this country is concerned, just where the American author stands. It will do this, neither more nor less. All the restrictive features of the law, which to some minds are so

alarming, are designed merely to prevent evasions of the law—that is, to make it sure the English author will really, and not nominally, print and publish in this country. As we have said, the law simply places foreign and American authors on a par; it contains no restrictions which do not also apply to American authors. Froude and Mommsen will stand in the same relations to the American publishers and the American public that Motley and Bancroft do; Reade and Wilkie Collins will have exactly the same privileges and the same restrictions that Holmes and Mrs. Stowe have. It is complained that, under the proposed law, the better editions of English authors will be excluded; but so also the English editions of Irving, Cooper, Prescott, Parkman, and Hawthorne, are excluded, however much the American purchaser may desire them, without the consent of the American owners of the copyright. The American publisher cannot safely invest in an edition of a foreign author with the risk of the foreign edition coming into market to undersell him and ruin his venture. No publisher could undertake to issue the works of an American author under these conditions, and hence this restriction, which seems so formidable to many persons, is nothing more than what exists in regard to all native productions. English books not reprinted here will be imported as usual; and even when reprinted it will be always competent to arrange with the American publisher for the introduction of a supply under suitable restrictions.

The alarm with which the proposal has been received in some quarters is thus evidently a bugbear. Analysis shows that the operation of the law will simply be to place literary producers on an equality, whether of native or foreign birth. We may add that this form of international copyright meets with the hearty approbation of leading English authors, while it is opposed by English publishers, for obvious reasons. It is clear to those on the other side who are interested in the matter, that the law proposed will place English writers and American publishers in favorable relation to each other, to the exclusion of the English manufacturer, but to the benefit of all others concerned.

The theory that the Appleton plan will serve to build up the larger publishing-houses into monopolies is singularly unfounded. It will have exactly the effect in this particular that national copyright has: it secures to the publisher of Huxley or Dickens the monopoly that the publishers of Longfellow and Motley enjoy. At present every small publisher that ventures to issue the book of an English author whose works have previously been published by a larger house, finds immediately an opposition edition in the market at a price destructive to his venture. Under the proposed law no such injustice could be enacted. The youthful publisher would have an open field in securing the books of a foreign author; now he has not. The proposed law cannot, possibly, accrue to the advantage of any of our publishers excepting in two things: first, in removing an obloquy under which, as honorable men, they have long been sensitive; and, next, in giving permanence and security to their investments in foreign issues. It may be added that public policy in this mat-

ter should be based on broader grounds than question as to manner of distribution of trade between rival dealers.

We reach now the several counter-schemes suggested in this matter. That which is known as the authors' bill proposed simply to extend the operation of our copyright laws to foreign books without stipulation or restriction. This bill was framed with entire disregard of American interests and all the practical features of the case. The English system of publication is very different from ours; books are high-priced, and are distributed mainly through circulating libraries. Unsuitable for our market, they would either be beyond the reach of our public, or special editions would be manufactured in London for distribution here. Every English house would have its American branch, and American paper-makers, printers, and bookbinders, would find their trades seriously affected. It is quite possible to render justice to foreign authors without a childish surrender of our own commercial and manufacturing interests. This plan, under the modifications introduced in the Appleton bill, receives now but little adherence.

Another of the opposition plans suggests the payment of five per cent. on reprints, but leaving the market open, as now, to general competition. This scheme is not open to the objections pertaining to the authors' bill, and has a show of plausibility. But it would too often prove a word of promise to the author's ear, only to break it to his hope. Discussing this proposition, the New York *World* well says: "Suppose some publisher republished an English book, how is the author to learn that fact except by hearsay or the kindness of the publisher? Even if he does, how is he to learn how many copies have been sold, and how much money he is consequently entitled to? Remember, he has no contract with his publisher, and no connection with him. But suppose, again, that the publishers acknowledge the fact of a publication and the sale of certain numbers of copies of such works, and then refuse to pay the royalty, who is going to have the power of enforcing this right, which is founded on no contract written or implied? Are the public prosecutors to be charged with it, and, if so, when will it be attended to? Are the courts of the United States to have original and exclusive jurisdiction in such cases, and, if so, crowded as their calendars are, when will decisions be reached?" Copyright, moreover, fixed not on conditions of a contract between two persons, but arbitrarily by imposition of law, would assume the form of a tax; and a tax imposed upon a people solely for the benefit of foreigners would be something new in political economy and constitutional law. And it fails to render the foreigner the justice it purports to. Voluntary copyright yields a larger percentage than this; and the law, practically carried out, would in many instances prove an injustice rather than a benefit to the foreign author. The usual copyright on American books is ten per cent.; it would be a limping justice that gave our transatlantic friends only half a loaf.

The theory which has been advanced, that this method would interpose an obstacle to

the consolidation of publishing into a few great houses, is singularly at variance with the probabilities. The great houses would go on absorbing the principal authors, and would have the same opportunity of crushing out opposition, by under-priced editions, as at present, while the copyright would enhance the cost, and hence the risk of rival issues. No equitable arrangement can possibly exist between American publishers and authors abroad that is not based upon personal relations. It must be a matter of contract to be effective, and of mutual understanding to reach the ends in view.

Inasmuch as voluntary copyright is now so generally paid on reprints, it may be asked why urgent need exists for a special statute. We answer, in order that this justice may be extended to all as a *right*, and hence remove an obloquy under which the American name is now clouded; that thereby reciprocal privileges may be secured to American authors, which in England at least will scarcely fail to follow; and, lastly, that American literature may be encouraged and developed by removing the unfair competition which American writers have hitherto been compelled to struggle against.

O. B. BUNCE.

## THE MELLOW MOON.

THE rose of the summer is lovely and sweet,

And the violet blue on the lea:  
But naught glows in Nature more bright to my heart

Than the warm, mellow moon on the sea.  
For in that soft image are feelings impressed,  
How sacred and precious to me!  
Oh, no, naught in Nature speaks more to my heart

Than the warm, mellow moon on the sea.

How oft have I sat, summer eves, on the shore,

While the willow heaved golden and free,  
And murmured love's music with one more to list

Than the warm, mellow moon on the sea!  
Oh, youth's blissful affluence gladdened me then,  
All sorrows but touched me to flee;  
And, save her I love, there was naught more divine

Than the warm, mellow moon on the sea.

Though now all the heart's hallowed pleasures are locked,

And the jailer, dark Care, holds the key;  
With my love as a memory, what now is more dear

Than the warm, mellow moon on the sea?  
Oh, the spring brings the bird to the blossom again,

And its rich leafy robe to the tree;  
But naught brings my youth and its feelings more true

Than the warm, mellow moon on the sea.

ALFRED B. STREET

## TABLE-TALK.

**I**N an article in the present number of the JOURNAL discussing the copyright question, we state that the Appleton plan, as it has been called—that is, the plan which puts the foreign author on an equality with the American author, but requires that his books shall be manufactured in this country—receives the approbation of the leading English authors, to whom it grants all that they can reasonably ask, but at the same time it is opposed by the English publishers, who want to monopolize the market for English books in this country, and care little for the interest of the authors, in comparison with the gains that would accrue to them if they could flood the United States with English books, without any fear of competition by reprints. Since our article was in type, a confirmation of what we have stated as to the feeling of the English publishers has reached us in a letter from a correspondent in London, who is paying close attention to this subject, and who writes us that the leading publishers in England have formed a Copyright Association. Among the names signed to the call for the meeting, he saw those of Longman, Macmillan, Chapman, Murray, William Smith, and F. R. Daldy. He says: "One of the objects of the association is to take steps to thwart any measure of international copyright which disregards the claims of English publishers." He states, on the other hand, that the bill on the Appleton plan proposed to the joint committee of Congress, "gives great satisfaction to the authors." This certainly ought to be conclusive as an indication of the true policy of this country, which is to do justice to the English author, and to secure him reasonable payment for his labor, while, at the same time, we protect our vast printing and paper-making interests from the ruinous competition of the English publisher. We may add, as a significant circumstance illustrating the question, that the same mail which brought the letter just quoted from, brought also one from Mr. Darwin, acknowledging the receipt of several hundred pounds of copyright money from his American publishers, in addition to the large sums formerly paid him—a remuneration which he says, "I consider magnificent." Under an international copyright law on the Appleton plan, it is certain that all the leading English authors would receive from their publishers on this side of the Atlantic remuneration quite as satisfactory as that which his American publishers have voluntarily paid to Mr. Darwin.

— Two large pictures of Jerusalem, in "Her Grandeur" and in "Her Fall," each ten by fourteen feet in dimensions, are now to be seen at the rooms on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, having recently arrived from England, where they were exhibited, and excited great attention. They

were painted by Selous, an Englishman, we are told, of French descent, and were begun in 1861. The artist studied for them topographically with great labor at Jerusalem itself, and has reproduced the natural features of the scene with remarkable fidelity, and he has also consulted the best and latest authorities, to learn, as far as possible, the structure and location of the ancient buildings. "Jerusalem in Her Grandeur" represents the city in the time of Christ, as seen from the Mount of Olives, and gives the spectator almost a bird's-eye view of the interior. A summer sky stretches to an immense horizon, and on the edge of it rise ridges of hills, the highest of these being marked as the traditional site of the tomb of Samuel. The city occupies nearly the whole of the middle of the painting, and its walls, from which the valleys descend abruptly on either hand, stretch nearly across the picture. As the eye disentangles the separate structures from the labyrinth of buildings that crown the hills within the enclosure of the city-wall, the most prominent position to the left of the painting is occupied by the quadrangle of the Temple. Three separate sets of walls, with the gates in them, and the towers, the "gate called Beautiful," the "tower that lieth out," and the rest, enclose the white-marble structure of the Temple itself. Before the porch rises a white column of smoke from the altar, and a shining red curtain hides the sacred interior of the building. Behind the quadrangle of the Temple are the palace and gardens of Herod the Great, and, to the side, Mount Calvary, the site of the Holy Sepulchre, and the ground where the Roman camp of Titus was afterward pitched. Nearer the spectator, where the side of the Mount of Olives rises from the valley, is a multitude of persons attendant on Christ as He rides toward the city sitting on an ass. Men go before him scattering palm-branches, and many sick people are imploring His aid. Over the rugged hill-sides are grouped the twisted and gnarled olive and palm trees peculiar to that region, and a thicket of *Spina Christi* (Christ's thorn) is matted on the ground. This is a mere sketch of the picture; an elaborate knowledge of its details can only be got by careful study of the work itself. It shows an immense patience in the delineation of details; of figures alone there are said to be two hundred or more, and about every tower hover birds; people are gathered on many of the flat house-tops, and the artist has not forgotten to put in a child playing with a goat in one corner. As a work of art, it seems to us that the figures are the best part of the picture; they are quite graceful in grouping and rich in color. In the city itself there is the somewhat *made-up* look one invariably finds in pictures that cannot have been studied from life. The highest light very properly rests upon the temple and the altar, gradually lessening upon the outer courts, till it melts into brown on the outer walls of the city, on the keep of Antonia, and in the misty valleys. The painting is exhibited under gas-light, which, of course, precludes any accurate knowledge of its real colors. Its fidelity to the truth of history and of Scripture will make it and the engraving from it of the greatest value to Bible-students, but artistically we think it is not nearly on a par with its companion-painting. This latter represents Jerusalem in its present state, and is really very picturesque. It is taken from the same point, the Mount of Olives, as the other, but more than eighteen hundred years have elapsed since we are supposed to have gazed at the Temple and towers of ancient Jerusalem. A caravan of travellers, mostly in rich Oriental costume, with camels, horses, and tents, are scattered over the rocky hill, at the base of which rises the rugged ridge crowned by the old gray walls of the city, sparkling with domes and dotted with minarets. Foremost among them, in the midst of the green, refreshing color of the dark cypress and olive trees, rises on the spot formerly occupied by the Temple the famous Mosque of Omar. Far off to the right is a ridge of olive-trees, and beyond, in the distant horizon, the same outline of hills and the tomb of Samuel that bounded the vision in the other picture. Hawthorne says somewhere that the picturesque and the prosperous are never synonymous, a remark we have often had reason to believe true, and never more than in this case, for aesthetically we much prefer the ruined Jerusalem to the other. Mr. Selous has had the opportunity to study *this* scene from life, and it gives the impression of reality. A vivid, hot sun rests upon the Arab camp, on the red, sandy, sterile hills with their scant herbage, and we feel as if we belonged to the party, and almost listen for the voice of the distant *muzza* calling to prayer. This picture is really well felt, nicely drawn, and the figures, as in the other painting, are very life-like and natural. The sky may want texture, and the distant buildings be rather hard and thin in color, but, bearing in mind the two other pictures of Jerusalem that have lately been exhibited here (Church's and Gérôme's), though Gérôme's has artistic merits that this does not possess, it seems to us that this is really the best of the three. As a topographical representation, at least, of the most famous and most interesting of cities, it is wholly without a rival; and those who desire to see Jerusalem without the fatigue and expense of travel will find themselves richly rewarded by studying this and the companion-picture.

— The recent attempt, by a foolish Irish boy, to coerce the Queen of England to sign an amnesty of the Fenian prisoners, by presenting a worthless old pistol at her head, is the fifth outrage of this sort of which Victoria has been the victim since she ascended the throne. Assassins do not always choose tyrants as the objects of their vindictiveness;

neither has Victoria ever given occasion, or the shadow of excuse, for the insults she has received, and the attempts which have been made upon her life. A milder or more harmless sovereign never wore a crown; the evils of the British monarchy are rather inherent in the system than the result of personal characteristics. The first attack upon the queen's life was that by the public-house boy, Oxford, on June 10, 1840. She had then been about three years on the throne. The queen and Prince Albert were leaving Buckingham Palace by a side-gate for their afternoon's drive, in a low phaeton, drawn by four horses, with outriders, when the boy, who stood a little apart from the crowd which had gathered to see the royal people, fired directly at them. The queen, either in fright, or to show that she was not hurt, rose from her seat; but the prince, perceiving a pistol still levelled at the carriage, pulled her down again. A second shot was fired before Oxford could be seized; and it appears that the prince heard both bullets whiz by his head. Oxford was about seventeen, the same age as O'Connor's, the latest assailant, and, curiously enough, O'Connor's attack was on nearly the same spot as Oxford's. The latter was found to be clearly a lunatic, and was disposed of by being sent to an asylum accordingly. About two years later, Victoria was returning from her afternoon drive, and had reached Constitution Hill (near by St. James's Park), when she was shot at by a fellow named Francis, who seems to have had no excuse excepting desperate poverty. The queen showed great coolness on this occasion, and the same evening appeared in the royal box at the opera. Francis was condemned to death; but, at the queen's own instance, his sentence was commuted to life-transportation. The example of Francis appears to have attracted a humpbacked boy named Bean, who, within a month, committed a similar assault. The queen was driving through St. James's Park on her way to the chapel at St. James's Palace, when this lad was observed to point a pistol toward her head. Happily the pistol did not go off, and, before he could be seized, he disappeared in the crowd. For some time the search for him, despite his deformity, was ineffectual; meanwhile, some twenty or thirty humpbacked boys were arrested on suspicion. He was finally taken, but not until the excitement caused by his attempt had passed away. The most insulting of all the assaults upon her majesty was in the late spring of 1850. She had been paying a visit to her uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, in Park Lane, who was ill, and soon after died. As her carriage turned into Piccadilly, a ruffian named Pate rushed up to it, and struck the queen several severe blows across the face with a stout cane, crushing in her bonnet, and leaving an indentation on her cheeks. The queen's children were with her, and Pate seemed about to attack them when he was seized. The royal lady displayed on this occasion remarkable

courage, ordered the carriage to proceed, and drove quietly to the palace. The police with difficulty saved Pate from the fury of the populace, who manifested a disposition to apply lynch law on the spot; he was tried, and, the defence of insanity failing, he was transported for seven years. The result of the assault of 1842 was a parliamentary statute, which provided proper penalties for such cases; and this act has been applied to the subsequent offenders.

The female suffragists of Massachusetts are not easily dismayed by defeat, and return to their assaults upon the "General Court" every year as if their faith abided in Dr. Nott's favorite maxim that "perseverance conquers all things." The champions of the party are among the best speakers and writers of the gentler sex in the country; Mrs. Livermore made some of the most effective stump speeches to which the yeomanry of New Hampshire listened in the recent political campaign, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe has won a distinguished place as a poet, philosopher, and politician. The persuasions of such women, speaking before the legislative committees appointed to hear arguments on the female suffrage petitions, have for several successive years availed to bring the question squarely before the House, and recently, after an interesting debate, a vote was taken upon it, resulting in seventy-seven yeas against one hundred and thirty-five nays. On the morning when the subject was to come up, the chaplain of the House, in his opening prayer, alluded somewhat bluntly to the subject of female suffrage, and offered up a petition that the hearts of recalcitrant members might be turned to favor this "right" of the fair partners of our lives. This produced a rather spicy episode, for, as soon as the chaplain ceased, one of the Boston members rose and made a point of order that "no one not a member of the House had a right to discuss questions before it," which the Speaker ruled to be well taken. This excited some of the more sensitive woman-suffragists, who tried to pass a vote of censure upon the objecting member; but the House refused to take such a course. The majority against female suffrage seems to increase instead of diminishing, and the eloquent ladies who champion it will have another opportunity to offer the issue to the party conventions in the fall, as a platform plank likely to secure more or less additional votes. One member endeavored to substitute a proposition that the question whether women should vote should be submitted to the women of the Commonwealth themselves to decide; but the advocates of the reform refused to accept this test, and it fell through. "Presidential election year" will not probably be very favorable to the vigorous prosecution of the movement, which will perhaps be confined, for a twelvemonth to come, to energetic lecturing in town lyceums, and occasional vivacious mass conven-

tions in Tremont Temple. By the time a new national administration is fairly entered upon, perhaps the "General Court" may be lured to anticipate what the female suffragists would fain persuade them is inevitable.

It has always been conceded by critics that Shakespeare's Rosalind unites the most delightful characteristics—womanliness with wit, healthful spirits with exquisite fancy, a holiday humor with the largest susceptibilities; all that imagination can conceive of woman in her lighter and more joyous aspects is in this character set forth with a skill and completeness that render her the queen of womanhood. But these admirable and delicious qualities have always been the severest tax upon the art of our actresses. To be genuinely gay is one of the greatest difficulties of the stage. But to be gay and yet delicate and womanly; to unite the most vivacious fancy with tender and feminine sentiment; to be fantastical, capricious, witty, bold, and yet to show these qualities as the mere dancing bubbles upon the surface—these things require of the art the best skill and the nicest insight, and hence it is not to be wondered that Rosalinds have been rare upon the stage. Since the time of Ellen Tree, the part has been, in this country, without an adequate representative. Mrs. Scott-Siddons has played it a good deal; but this lady's beauty and native charms are pretty much all that she brings to the rendition. Her art is altogether insufficient for a character that tests the maturest skill. Within a few weeks, Miss Carlotta Le Clercq has acted the part both here and in Boston, and with a large measure of success. This lady's talents are of a very high order, and, when she acted with Fechter, often divided the applause. Her Pauline, in "The Lady of Lyons," is undoubtedly the best our stage has known for many years, if, indeed, the part was ever better acted here. But we think her genius is best adapted to serious parts. Her perfect knowledge of her profession is alone sufficient to keep the rendition of Rosalind from any thing like failure, while she succeeds in investing the part with a large share of that grace, vivacity, and womanly sentiment, with which the character is so richly endowed; and yet her performance is scarcely toned up to the fullest expression of these qualities. It possesses great charms; it is full of delightful touches; it is a rendition that in every detail evinces careful study and accurate sympathy; but still there is a lack of some fuller, riper quality, which would give to the perfect details of the picture the supreme radiance which, with Ellen Tree, rendered it a fascination that no man could ever forget. We regret to say this, because we had hoped that Miss Le Clercq would restore to the stage in its full perfections a rendition that in times past was such a delight to all theatre-goers. But, notwithstanding this criticism, it is the best Rosalind we have had for many years,

and, with the direction dramatic genius is taking, it can scarcely be hoped that we shall soon have a better. Miss Le Clercq, who is acting at Booth's, has also appeared as Julia, in "The Hunchback," a personation which is truly admirable in every particular.

### Literary Notes.

MESSRS. APPLETON & CO. have begun the publication of a series of "Science Primers," under the joint editorship of Professor Huxley, Professor Roscoe, and Professor Ballou Stewart. Two of the series—"Chemistry," by Professor Roscoe, and "Physics," by Professor Stewart—are just ready for publication, appearing in small 18mo volumes. The purpose of this series is indicated in the preface to the first two volumes: "In publishing the Science Primers on Chemistry and Physics, the object of the authors has been to state the fundamental principles of their respective sciences in a manner suited to pupils of an early age. They feel that the thing to be aimed at, is not so much to give information as to endeavor to discipline the mind in a way which has not hitherto been customary, by bringing it into immediate contact with Nature herself. For this purpose a series of simple experiments has been devised, leading up to the chief truths of each science. These experiments must be performed by the teacher in regular order before the class. The power of observation in the pupils will thus be awakened and strengthened; and the amount and accuracy of the knowledge gained must be tested and increased by a thorough system of questioning."

"When the Frenchman conceives an event or an object," says Henri Taine, "he conceives quickly and distinctly; there is no internal disturbance, no previous fermentation of confused and violent ideas, which, becoming concentrated and elaborated, end in a noisy outbreak. The movement of his intelligence is nimble and prompt like that of his limbs; at once and without effort he seizes upon his idea. But he seizes that alone: he leaves on one side all the entangling offshoots whereby it is entwined and twisted among its neighboring ideas; he does not embarrass himself with nor think of them; he detaches, plucks, touches but slightly, and that is all. He is deprived, or, if you prefer it, he is exempt from those sudden half-visions which disturb a man, and open up to him instantaneously vast deeps and far perspectives. Images are excited by internal commotion; he, being so moved, imagines not. He is only moved superficially; he is without large sympathy; he does not perceive an object as it is, complex and combined, but in parts, with a discursive and superficial knowledge. That is why no race in Europe is less poetical."

"The voice of truth speaks so distinctly and directly from the writings of Dickens," says the *Lakewood Monthly*, "that the classes castigated by the lash of his satire always supposed themselves personally attacked. A Yorkshire schoolmaster, who felt himself hit by the poet's masterly description of Dotheboy's Hall, in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' sued him for libel. The 'American Notes' and 'Martin Chuzzlewit' brought him a number of threatening letters and challenges from this country. The English bar moved his expulsion from the 'Savage Club,' when his attacks on the profession appeared in 'Bleak House.' A Manchester cotton-spinner in-

sulted him in the streets, because he thought himself portrayed in 'Hard Times.' This incapacity to leave the streets and the realities of London life, marks at once the greatness of his genius and its limits. Without the types of actual life before him, he was able to write but little worth reading."

Dr. Theodor Goldstucker, the foremost Sanscrit scholar in England, if not in Europe, died on Wednesday, March 6th. Dr. Goldstucker was born at Königsberg, and, after studying at Bonn and in Paris, settled as a teacher in Berlin, having Humboldt for one of his friends and admirers. In 1850 he went to London, and was soon after appointed Professor of Sanscrit in London University College, a post that he held till he died. He was busy up to the time of his death over an edition of the "Mahabhashya," and he had arranged to expand his recent pamphlet "On the Deficiencies in the Present Administration of Hindoo Law" into a comprehensive treatise.

Since the death of Grillparzer, the German poet, it has been ascertained that he was too poor to marry the lady to whom he was engaged since his twenty-fourth year. She survives him. A Vienna paper says: "If Grillparzer had not received a small pension from the Austrian Government, he would have starved to death, or, like Feuerbach, he would have been obliged, to the disgrace of Germany, to appeal to public sympathy."

A collection of hitherto unpublished "Letters of Lord Byron," edited, with a preface, by Mr. Henry Schultes-Young, of Oxford University, will be issued shortly in London. We are also promised the "Life and Letters of Captain Marryat, R. N.," by his daughter, Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross Church). This book will contain Marryat's sea-songs, which have never before been given to the world.

A valuable journal for those who wish to keep well informed as to current opinions and general topics, is a publication called *The Week*, recently begun in this city. The purpose of this periodical is to fill the same place, as regards opinions and current discussions, that the *Living Age* and the *Eclectic* do for general literature.

Willard's "Practical Dairy Husbandry," published by Moore, of the *Rural New-Yorker*, would appear to be a valuable guide to those interested in stock, dairy farms, and other pursuits connected therewith. It is a large octavo volume, well illustrated, and treats its topics with great fulness.

The new German university at Strasbourg will have sixty-two professorships, of which thirty-seven have already been filled. The university will be formally opened on the 1st of May. Eight of the professors are natives of Alsace.

In a recent article on "Richard Steele," in *Temple Bar*, "justice is done to a man whom posterity has half forgotten in its homage to the inferior and very diverse genius of Addison."

*Fraser's Magazine* is of opinion that Taine's judgment on any question of English style, even the most elementary question, is perfectly valueless.

Messrs. Putnam & Co. have published a posthumous volume, by John P. Kennedy, entitled "At Home and Abroad," a series of essays, with a journal in Europe in 1867-'68.

A translation of "The Bandit," from the

Swedish of August Blanche, has been published by Putnam & Co., as the first issue of "Putnam's Library of Choice Novels."

Russia has a new novelist, named Danilevsky, whose productions the literary critics of St. Petersburg pronounce to be far superior to Ivan Tourguenoff's novels.

### Miscellany.

#### Ophir.

IT is an old theory, supported by Grotius, Huet, D'Anville, and other eminent scholars, that Sofala, on the southeast coast of Africa, was the Ophir mentioned in the Scriptures, to which the Phoenicians of the time of Solomon made long voyages, and brought home vast quantities of gold, alum-trees, and precious stones. It has long been known that in Sofala there are mines of gold and silver, which show traces of having been worked at a very remote period. But still nothing positive has been known on the subject, and many writers have maintained that the real location of Ophir was in Arabia or in the East Indies, and some enthusiasts have even argued that it was Mexico, Peru, or California. An energetic and intelligent German traveller, Carl Mauch, who has been exploring Sofala for a good while past, has apparently solved this long-disputed problem. He has found not only vast traces of gold-mining, but extensive ruins of great antiquity, and, as he declares, in an unmistakably Phoenician style of architecture. The place of these remains is in latitude twenty degrees south, directly west of Sofala harbor, and nearly two hundred miles inland. Here Mauch has found walls fifteen feet thick and thirty feet high, enclosing several acres, and also towers and obelisks. The drawings sent home by Mauch show clearly that these ruins are not of Arab or Portuguese construction, but are very probably Phoenician. Dr. Petermann, of Gotha, the celebrated geographer, says, in a recent letter: "It is to be hoped that Mauch, in his further researches, may discover more data of the character and the origin of these remarkable primeval ruins. Whether or not they may finally prove to be the Biblical Ophir, it is at least sure that what has been found thus far establishes the probability of their connection with the Solomonic Ophir crusaders. Voyages from his ports in the Red Sea along the coast of Eastern Africa were within the means of the navigation of that age, and the time of three years said to be used for the voyage both ways would also correspond. It is indisputable that the Phoenicians made southern cruises, and that Africa has, as far back as history goes, the reputation of being auriferous. The present time bears evidence that Solomon's ships, in order to obtain gold, precious stones, and ivory, had only to follow the coast southward. The diamond-fields of Africa place at present all others in the shade; and, as regards ivory, Africa has always furnished the market with more than the other continents."

#### The Russians.

The much-disputed question of the origin of the Russians was again discussed at the Archaeological Congress, which sat at St. Petersburg last month. Some twenty years ago, a Ruthenian ethnologist, M. Duchinski, started the theory that the Russians are not Slavonians, but a branch of the Turanian stock, like the Finns, Tartars, and Turks. This view was supported by several Polish writers, and also by MM. Viquesnel, Henri Martin, and other scientific men in France; but it was warmly

opposed in Russia, especially by the Panslavists, who, if M. Duchinski's theory were established, would have to abandon the principal ground on which they base their claims to a Russian hegemony over the Slavonic nationalities. M. Duchinski's account of the origin of the Russians is as follows: In the year 862 A. D., Ruryk, the chief of a Varangian, or Norman tribe, called Ros, crossed the Baltic with his followers from Sweden, and invaded the country opposite, which was inhabited by Slavonians. Ruryk and his descendants gradually extended their rule over this Slavonic country, until it comprised the greater part of the territory which is still known as Ruthenia, and its inhabitants were called Rusini, after the name of their Norman conquerors. What is now known as the Russian Empire, however, was not founded until 1155, when George Dolgorouky, one of Ruryk's descendants, crossed the Dnieper with an army, and formed the principality of Vladimir, which afterward became the grand-duchy of Muscovy. This principality was situated between the Volga and the Oka, one of its affluents; and Dolgorouky's new subjects were not Slavonians, but Mouromians, Merians, and Vesses, all races belonging to the Turanian stock. The grand-duchy of Moscow gradually extended itself by conquest over the whole of the Tartar empire of Genghis Khan; the great majority of its population was, therefore, composed of Turanian tribes, the remainder consisting of Slavonian colonists and the Normans (Ros) introduced by Dolgorouky. These are the people who, until the middle of the eighteenth century, were called Muscovites, and have been known by the name of Russians since the Empress Catherine assumed the title of "Empress of all the Russias." To the objection that the Russians must be Slavonians because their language is Slavonic, M. Duchinski replies that they adopted the Slavonic language when they were converted to Christianity, in the same way that the Bulgarians did, who are notoriously a Turanian race; and that the Russian language contains many Turanian words which do not occur in any other Slavonic tongue but the Bulgarian. He also mentions several other characteristics of the Russians which distinguish them from the Slavonic nations; such as their numerous religious sects, their aptitude for commercial pursuits, and dislike of agriculture, their submission to autocratic rule, and their taste for a wandering life.

#### Shakespeare.

I will treat of Shakespeare by himself. In order to take him in completely, we must have a wide and open space. And yet how shall we comprehend him? how lay bare his inner constitution? Lofty words, eulogies, are all in vain by his side—he needs no praise, but comprehension merely; and he can only be comprehended by the aid of science. As the complicated revolutions of the heavenly bodies become intelligible only by the use of a superior calculus, as the delicate transformations of vegetation and life need for their comprehension the intervention of the most difficult chemical processes, so the great works of art can be interpreted only by the most advanced psychological systems; and we need the loftiest of all those to attain to Shakespeare's level—to the level of his age and his work, of his genius and of his art. . . . How did Shakespeare succeed? and by what extraordinary instinct did he divine the remote conclusions, the deepest physiology and psychology! He had a complete imagination; his whole genius is in that single word. . . . When we think a thing, we, ordinary men, we think only a part of it; we see one side, some isolated mark, some-

times two or three marks together; for what is beyond, our sight fails us; the infinite network of its infinitely-complicated and multiplied properties escapes us; we feel vaguely that there is something beyond our shallow ken; and this vague suspicion is the only part of our idea which at all reveals to us the great beyond. . . . An imagination, a conception like Shakespeare's, is the only one capable of penetrating to the basis of things; of extricating the inner from beneath the outer man; of feeling through sympathy and imitating without effort the disorderly roundabout of human imaginations and impressions; of reproducing life with its infinite fluctuations, its apparent contradictions, its concealed logic; in short, to create as Nature creates.—*Taine's English Literature*.

#### On Furnishing.

Now let me say a word about carpets. Pale ones I ignore; they do not exist for me. But the patterns and the colors even of the dark ones! What is to be done with a room whose carpet is grass-green, with large red spots or big flowers on it? What is to be done with any "cheerful"-patterned carpet? Nothing—but to part with it to some member of that tribe whose armorial bearings are the three hats. Have we not seen the Royal Academy's walls defaced by artists who will place their sitters on some such carpet, and then paint the horror that they see? Has not that been a warning to us? It is good test to apply to one's furniture as to one's dress, "Would it look well in a picture?" Reader, if you wish to buy modern carpets, buy some moss-pattern, or something very dark and neat—else you will never make your drawing-room other than a grief of heart to any cultivated person who may come into it. But my advice on the whole is, send away all your carpets, get a quantity of the common rough matting for your rooms, and lay on it at intervals one of the rugs made by the Orientals. Turkish, Moorish, Indian, or African carpets, especially the antique make, will never fail to look right, for they are the most perfect in color and design that can be produced.

For curtains and coverings get whatever stuff you like. Chintz or velvet is always good. In patterns, be wary. Patterns suitable for a hanging are not always suitable for a chair-seat. For instance, to be sitting on a bird or a butterfly is an unpleasant sensation; a vase of flowers on a curtain is absurd. Italian patterns are usually debased. Stout boys standing upon scarfs attached to boughs in an impossible manner—swans perched on twigs or plants that never could support their weight—butterflies rather bigger than the storks beside them—are bad, because ridiculous; they hurt our sense of propriety, and worry the eye. Choose good patterns—common-sense will guide you—and let your hangings be equal in tone with that of your walls.

#### The Nature of Cats.

They are not allies and companions, like dogs. They make no attempt to take a part in human affairs, as dogs do. They undertake no responsibilities of guarding the houses, or protecting the persons, or joining in the sports of man. They will not disturb themselves if burglars break into the dwelling, or if violence assaults their protectors. They are not conservatives, like dogs, curious of suspicious characters, furious against uninvited strangers. Nor are they liberals, like dogs, in the welcome they give to change, and the joy with which they transfer themselves to fresh fields and pastures new. Like Gallio, they care for none of these things. . . . They probably have no

idea that they are valued for their propensity to slay and scatter mice, and imagine that they are only superfluously indulging the bent of a native genius for "natural selection," when they are really performing the one function for which they are treasured by thrifty housekeepers, and for which they receive the "grant-in-aid" of a milky "payment by results." They are as unconscious as Mr. Carlyle could wish men to be of their one genius and merit as attendants on our domestic civilization. You will see dogs full of pride at the accomplishment of their little tasks, and looking up to men for recognition. But there is nothing of this about the cat.

#### Foreign Items.

THE peculiar feature of nearly all of Jean Jaques Offenbach's operettas, is the ridicule which he casts on petty German princes in them. His hatred of these grand-dukes, etc., is said to have arisen in the following manner: Years ago, after he had written his "Orpheus," during his travels in Germany, he stopped at a small place in a German grand-duchy. He had no sooner arrived at the door of his hotel than he was received by the burgomaster of the place, who assured the *maestro* that he and the citizens felt deeply flattered by his presence in their town. Offenbach, who is a very vain man, received this tribute, which he ascribed to his merits as a composer, with gracious condescension, and he noticed, not without satisfaction, that the citizens assembled during the daytime in large numbers in front of the hotel, and serenaded him shortly after nightfall. Next day, however, he perceived that no one took any notice of him, and he was not a little mortified when one of the waiters at the hotel told him, laughing: "Oh, sir, our burgomaster is perfectly beside himself with mortification over the mistake he made yesterday. He took you for our new grand-duke, who was expected here yesterday, and who did not arrive until to-day. And it is so funny, you see, our new grand-duke is a very fat man, and you are so lean!" Fifteen minutes afterward Offenbach left the town in disgust.

Boettcher, the inventor of gun-cotton, says that ladies ruin their complexion by remaining too long in rooms containing large mirrors. The heat of the stove affects the tin-foil on the back of the mirrors, and vivifies the air in the room. In order to find out this, he says, it is only necessary to suspend a plain gold ring over a mirror hanging near a stove. In the course of a few days the color of the ring will undergo a marked change.

A collection of valuable oil-paintings was sold the other day at the Hôtel Drouot in Paris, for four hundred and fifty-five thousand four hundred and fifty francs. A painting by Leopold Robert among them was purchased by the custodians of the Museum of the Louvre, for eighty-three thousand francs. This sale, the French papers say, shows that Paris is still the best market for oil-paintings.

Janvier La Motte, the ex-Prefect of the French Department of Eure during the empire, was recently tried for felony, and it was proved that, while his salary was only thirty thousand francs, he spent annually four hundred thousand francs belonging to the public funds. His case is said to have been by no means isolated among the prefects of the Second Empire.

A curious circumstance connected with the death of Count Gustavus Chorinsky, the murderer of his wife, who perished a raving mani-

at the lunatic asylum in Erlangen, is, that he expired at the very time when the physicians, who had testified during his trial, predicted he would die. They had given him exactly three years to live, and he died on the last day of the third year.

Marshal MacMahon receives the highest salary of any general of the French army, seventy thousand francs a year. The rest of the marshals get only thirty thousand francs. General Ladmirault, the military governor of Paris, has fifty thousand. The generals commanding army-corps receive thirty-five thousand, and the generals of divisions twenty thousand francs.

Since the reign of the Emperor Maximilian I (1594), the Austrian armies have fought no fewer than nearly seven thousand battles, or one to every fifteen days. Since the year 1600 Austria has had one hundred and eleven years of peace, and one hundred and sixty years of war.

A shoemaker at Metz has invented and patented a new method of taking the measure for boots and shoes. By means of an ingenious contrivance he obtains a perfect impression of the foot, and gives his customers a faultless fit.

Count Andrássy, the Chancellor of the Austrian Empire, is now an intimate personal friend of the Emperor Francis Joseph. Twenty-three years ago the emperor issued orders that Count Andrássy should be put to death as soon as apprehended.

The wife of Marshal Bazaine passed recently through the French city of Evroux. The populace surrounded her carriage in a threatening manner, and the lady was rescued by the police only after being grossly insulted by the mob.

A monument in honor of Linnaeus, the great Swedish naturalist, will be erected in a public place in Stockholm, and will be unveiled on the 10th of January, 1873, the one-hundredth anniversary of his death.

Jacob Staempfli, the Swiss member of the Geneva Court of Arbitration, is the son of a poor Bernese peasant, and during his youth worked for several years on a farm in the Jura Mountains.

Alexander Borgia, the grand-commander of the famous order of the Knights of St. John, died a few weeks ago at Rome, in his eighty-eighth year. He was a lineal descendant of Lucrezia Borgia.

A Roumanian, who during the recent riots at Ismailia murdered a Jew, was sentenced by a judge to twenty-four hours' imprisonment. The judge himself has been arrested for this outrageous sentence.

The cathedral at Cologne, it is now promised by the architects at work upon that immense structure, will be completed in the year 1888.

When sick persons in Metz have no hopes of recovery, they cause themselves to be conveyed across the frontier in order to die on French soil.

A Mormon from Salt Lake City, travelling with three wives in Hungary, has been arrested at Debreczin as a polygamist.

When Alsace belonged to France, the government sold there annually eight million francs' worth of tobacco.

The French Government intends to convert one of its West-India islands into a penal colony.

There are in Germany between two and three hundred persons that can fluently speak the ancient Greek language.

\* The last direct relative of Alexis de Tocqueville died recently at Nantes, in France.

### Varieties.

BOTH Robert and William Chambers, the distinguished Edinburgh publishers, had a strange congenital malformation. "We were sent into the world," says William Chambers, in the memoir of his brother, "with six fingers on each hand, and six toes on each foot. By the neighbors, as I understand, this was thought particularly lucky; but it proved any thing but lucky for one of us. In my case the redundant members were easily removed, leaving scarcely a trace of their presence; but, in the case of Robert, the result was very different. . . . This unfortunate circumstance, by producing a certain degree of lameness and difficulty in walking, no doubt exerted a permanent influence over my brother's habits and feelings. Indisposed to indulge in the boisterous exercises of other boys—studious, docile in temperament, and excelling in mental qualifications—he shot ahead of me in all matters of education."

At this season of the year one goes to a seed-catalogue with almost as much relish as to a new novel. B. K. Bliss & Co.'s catalogue is not only learnedly exhaustive in the way of every possible variety of flower, bulb, root, or plant, but is brilliantly adorned with several well-executed flower and vegetable chromos. Those of our readers whose thoughts are busy with the garden, or who love to adorn windowsill and veranda with fragrant blossoms, should consult this handsome and valuable volume. The address is New York.

A clergyman on exchange found a note in the Bible to the effect that Brother A— requested the prayers of the church that the loss of his wife might be blessed to him, etc. The preacher prayed most fervently. To his amazement and mortification he found that the note had lain in the pulpit a year, while the bereaved gentleman was on this Sabbath sitting with a new wife in the congregation.

After long and patient experiment, a California horticulturist discovered that petroleum would kill the borer that infests the orchards of the Golden State. The fact was made known far and wide, and many fruit-growers availed themselves of the valuable discovery. By their experiments the further fact was established that petroleum not only killed the borer but the tree!

A California *savant* has invented a machine to enable people to sleep with their fingers touching their toes, and thus prolong life indefinitely, according to his theory. He apparently believes, with Prospero, that "our little life is rounded by a sleep."

A veteran colored man of Mobile was married lately at the age of eighty-three, and took occasion to remark during the ceremony that he had been married thirteen times already, but never got out a license before.

In condemning late hours for dinner, a medical journal says that within four hundred years the dinner-hour was gradually moved through twelve hours of the day, from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M.

Eight out of every ten tobacco-chewers in the regions where the plant is raised use the natural leaf twisted up into hanks and free of honey, liquorice-juice, or other modern adulteration.

When the German indemnity is paid, France will have the largest national debt of any country in the world, amounting in round numbers to four billion five hundred million dollars, or more than double the present amount of the public debt of the United States.

An old farmer in Maine, who had hoarded away during many long years four hundred dollars in old silver Spanish coins, sold the lot last week for two dollars less than its face value, after much dickering.

A physician in New Hampshire has used the same horse for twenty-six consecutive years. The animal shows what air and exercise will do for health and length of days.

The last year's pecan-crop in Texas is estimated at over one million bushels for export, which will realize to that State several million dollars.

"Assaults with intent to become insane" is the way they put it now in announcing deadly attacks.

A Des Moines damsel having offended a young man at a leap-year ball, he threatened to send his sister to demand an apology.

### Contemporary Portraits.

M. Lefranc and M. de Goullard, the New French Ministers.

M. DE GOULLARD, the new French Minister of Commerce, is of medium height, and about sixty years old. His features are finely cut, and his expression is winning and *distingué*.

The beginning of his parliamentary career, in 1847, was extremely brilliant. Guizot, recognizing his capacity, gave him the position of Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs; and De Cormenin spoke of him in high terms in his "*Livre des Orateurs*." After the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, he was, with several other representatives, imprisoned at Mazas.

At the election of February 8, 1871, the Hautes-Pyrénées sent him to the Assembly, he having received the highest vote of any of the deputies from this department.

He was subsequently sent as plenipotentiary to Frankfort, where he occupied himself especially in settling the tariff difficulties between France and Germany.

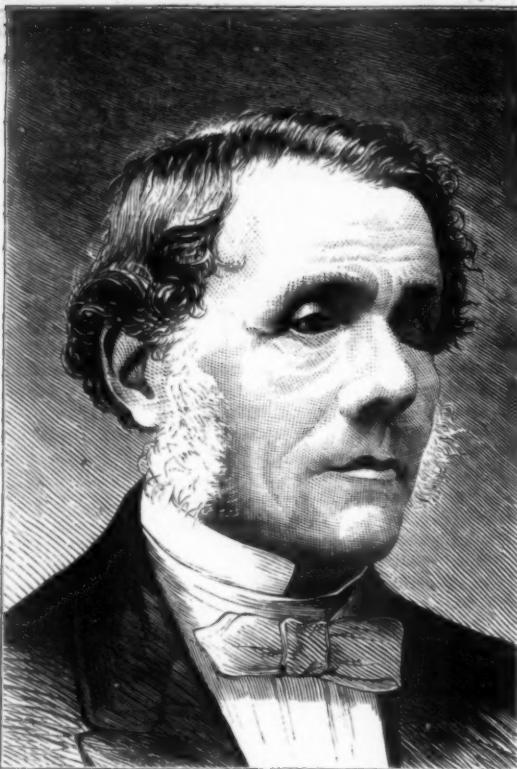
M. VICTOR LEFRANC, deputy from Landes, was born at Garlin Basses-Pyrénées, March 2, 1809. He is the nephew of the *conventionnel* Jean-Baptiste Lefranc, a Girondist, who providentially escaped the massacre of '93, and subsequently held an important appointment under the Imperial Government at Mont-de-Marsan.

Having been admitted to the bar in Paris, Victor Lefranc returned to the south, where he soon gained an enviable place in his profession. In 1848 he was chosen as *constituent*, and voted almost always with the non-socialistic republicans of the Left. He supported General Cavaignac, and retained his seat until the *coup d'état*, which he strenuously but vainly opposed.

After the 2d of December, he returned to his profession, practising at the Paris bar, and was soon given a seat in the *Conseil de l'Ordre*.

Finally, at the election of February 8, 1871, the department of Landes, by a very large majority, sent him to the National Assembly, where his varied talents soon gave him a place among the foremost of French legislators. He was the secretary of the commission appointed to fix the limit of the executive power, and was subsequently one of the fifteen members of the Assembly selected to assist the Government in negotiating the treaty of peace with Germany.

M. Victor Lefranc has a strongly-marked physiognomy, but his expression is kindly and pleasing. The absence of an eye, which he unfortunately lost in childhood, of course materially mars his personal appearance.



M. VICTOR LEFRANC, MINISTER OF THE INTERIOR, FRANCE.



M. DE GOULARD, MINISTER OF COMMERCE, FRANCE.

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